

# THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 533.—Vol. XXI.

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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

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THE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN—LED TO EXECUTION AT CABUL



## Topics of the Week

**IRISH DISTRESS.**—Although Mr. Shaw's Amendment to the Address was defeated by an overwhelming majority, probably few Englishmen are altogether satisfied with the course the Government have pursued. Most people would have been better pleased had the measures for the relief of suffering been adopted more promptly, and executed with greater energy. It is true that the interference of the State on occasions of this kind is attended with great difficulties; and the difficulties are more serious in Ireland than in any other part of the United Kingdom. Still, it was known in good time that there would be a season of terrible hardship, and it was not too much to expect that the activity of the authorities would render anything like famine absolutely impossible. The Ministry seem to have overrated the amount of help which would be sent to Ireland from private sources. The charity of England is generally so splendid that it was naturally expected she would not fall short of her usual liberality. For some reason or other, however, the purses of Englishmen have not been very freely opened, and by far the greater part of the work of relief must be undertaken by the Government. Now that this is understood, it is hoped there will be no lack of vigour and goodwill. All sensible men see the danger of undermining the spirit of independence and self-help; but at the same time these unfortunate people cannot be allowed to starve, and the Ministry will expose itself to just and most severe condemnation if its arrangements hereafter are in any way inadequate. As to the general question how a permanent remedy for the ills of Ireland is to be provided, it can hardly be said that the debate to which Mr. Shaw's amendment gave occasion was of much service. The schemes suggested by Irish Home Rulers meet with little favour, and even Mr. Bright's comparatively moderate plan has found few ardent supporters. It is, however, becoming obvious that the English people are sincerely and profoundly anxious to put an end, if possible, to Irish discontent; and if the Irish would frankly recognise this fact, and meet us half-way, instead of railing at our tyranny, it is hardly credible that the problem would be for ever insoluble.

**THE LIVERPOOL ELECTION.**—This event which, a week ago, excited so much interest and curiosity, has already passed into the domain of history. The lessons which it teaches, however, deserve to be remembered. In the most Irish town of Great Britain, supported by a solid phalanx of Home Rulers, variously estimated at from four to seven thousand strong, Lord Ramsay suffered a signal defeat. Neither the "divine wrath" of the Sage of Hawarden, nor the ponderous jokes of Sir W. Harcourt, nor the approval of the magnate of Knowsley, could save this adventurous young seaman from shipwreck. No doubt Lord Ramsay now wishes that he had not attempted the "Wearing of the Green." Had he remained deaf to the wiles of the Home Rulers, he would probably have lost the election, but he and his party would not have soiled their reputation. His elaborate apology would never have seen the light if he had headed the poll. The defect of this apology is that it does not explain, if Lord Ramsay was no more a Home Ruler on the polling-day than he was when he first courted the suffrages of Liverpool, how it came to pass that a multitude of hesitating Irishmen were in the interval converted into staunch adherents. These personal matters are, however, of small importance compared with the instruction which this contest conveys regarding contemporary politics. It seems to show that Englishmen, whether Liberal or Conservative, are beginning to resent the dictation of a body of persons, who, although actually their fellow-citizens, are both in their religion and their political aspirations alien to the mass of the people. Irishmen are quite welcome to settle here, but it is felt that if they have the privileges, they ought also to have the patriotism, of English citizenship. And it should not be forgotten that Home Rule has passed into a different phase from that which it occupied a few years ago. There was no doubt a time when some Irish Conservatives, disgusted by the revolutionary legislation of the Gladstone Government, placed themselves under the respectable leadership of Mr. Butt, with the view of obtaining for Ireland some measure of local independence. In those days, the Home Rule movement had a plausible air about it which attracted such honourable adherents as Mr. King-Harman. But a good deal has happened since then. The Jacobin element in the Home Rule party has come to the front; two years of persistent Parliamentary obstruction has disgusted all persons who desire that the public business of the country should be properly transacted; and lastly, the anti-rent agitation of last autumn has convinced many persons that beneath the rather meaningless mask of Home Rule there lie hidden the sinister features of Fenianism. The Liberals will be wise if they avoid further flirtation with this Hibernian Siren, or they may find themselves shut out of office for as long a period as their ancestors were during the struggle with Napoleon, and for much the same reason, namely, because, for factious purposes, they took the side of their country's enemies.

**CHURCHMEN AND NONCONFORMISTS.**—In his eloquent address on Nonconformity Mr. Bright complained with his usual vigour of the hostility displayed by Churchmen towards

Dissenters. There may have been some exaggeration in his charge, but it was certainly not altogether without foundation. In rural districts especially the gulf which separates the Church from Nonconformist bodies is deep and wide, and even in the cities Churchmen are still too apt to look upon ecclesiastical antagonists as in some sense their social inferiors. It is surely time that this foolish feeling were for ever abandoned. Nonconformity, as Mr. Bright urges, has been a great element in our national history; and we unquestionably owe to its leaders some of our most highly-valued liberties. If the better class of Dissenters are not, as a rule, so well educated as the better class of Churchmen, the fact is due to the intolerant policy by which they were, until quite recently, excluded from the Universities. There are signs that the old state of things will not last much longer, if, indeed, we may not say that it has already vanished. It is at any rate significant that a large proportion of the Wranglers this year were Nonconformists, and that men educated at the great public schools were "nowhere." In these circumstances Churchmen would do well to follow Mr. Bright's advice, and to consider whether it is wise or just to look with contempt on the classes who happen to differ from them on ecclesiastical questions. On the other hand, Nonconformists are not altogether free from blame, and have, perhaps, as much to learn from Mr. Arnold's counsel as Churchmen from Mr. Bright's. If Dissenting communities have not been mere narrow-minded sectaries, it is equally true that the Church has not been solely or always an instrument of tyranny. Both sides have played an important part, and impartial history does not say that the least important has been played by that which has been allied to the State. Nonconformists cannot be expected to abate the zeal with which they agitate for Disestablishment, but their demands would gain in force by being urged without jealousy or bitterness.

**MODERN FORGERY.**—The old-fashioned forger, having surreptitiously procured access to somebody's cheque-book, forthwith proceeded to write out an order for payment, signing it with an imitation of the signature of the party whose account it was intended to plunder. The chief, indeed, almost the only requisite for this kind of fraud was a capacity for imitative penmanship. Modern forgery—a plant, we believe, of American growth—is both more complicated and more ingenious. Capital, scientific apparatus, and no small stock of the "magic of patience" are required. The thief needs capital in order that he may open an account at a bank, and engage in genuine business transactions which occasion signed cheques to come into his possession. Cheques for small amounts will answer his purpose, provided they are signed by a man of good standing. For instance, the rogue sends two or three pigs to be sold, and gets a cheque for a few pounds. Then he sets to work with his chemicals and his camels' hair brushes, and, leaving the signature and the first word of the amount untouched, alters the remainder in a very important manner. Thus the "teen" of "nineteen" is taken out, and "hundred" is substituted. It does not seem likely—although we speak under correction—that this kind of fraud can be prevented by any improved method of printing cheques, but it would be a great safeguard if customers were to send each day to their bankers a list of the cheques drawn by them. This would involve very little trouble to business men, as their banking clerk could hand in the list each afternoon with his credit-slip. The mere fact that such an arrangement was not unusual would have a wonderfully deterring effect on intending forgers. Of course, our readers will have noted that the discovery of the fraud in the Croydon case in time to save the money was entirely due to the fact that such a method as we recommend was in force between the Bank of England and their Paris correspondents.

**THE GREEK CLAIMS.**—If we may trust an elaborate statement published by the Paris correspondent of *The Times*, the controversy between Greece and the Porte will soon be settled. The Greeks will not, indeed, receive all that they think their due; but it is said that they are certain to obtain a very considerable extension of frontier. If this announcement is confirmed, nearly all sections of English politicians will be gratified. Considering the difficulties with which the British Government has had to contend, it cannot be severely blamed for the dilatoriness with which the negotiations have been carried on. Still, Greece has been badly used since the breaking-up of the Congress, and we can hardly wonder if she throws the chief responsibility on this country. It was by English influence that she was prevented from enforcing her claims during the Russo-Turkish War, and the British Cabinet came under a moral obligation to support her at the proper time. Yet we have left mainly to France the honour of upholding her demands; and if these demands are at last conceded, France is the country to which she will feel most deeply indebted. To many English politicians it was clear from the beginning of the Eastern troubles that England should stand by Greece, and this has lately become more obvious than ever. Whatever we may think of Russian schemes, there is little doubt that the Ottoman Empire is gradually decaying. The Porte shows no real capacity of reform, and without very thorough reform it cannot endure. We are, therefore, bound to make preparations for its possible collapse; and it ought surely to be beyond question that our interests, and the interests of the world, would be promoted by a united and comparatively

powerful Greek State. By discouraging Hellenic aspirations we simply play into the hands of fanatical and ambitious Pan Slavists.

**LIABILITY OF EMPLOYERS.**—It is to be hoped that the Lord Chancellor will manage to get his little Bill on this subject converted into a really workable Act before the close of the Session. The subject has been already amply discussed, and most members of Parliament are familiar with its leading features. Concerning it, therefore, we will speak very briefly. Hitherto, the law has held, and with some show of reason, that an employer is liable to be sued for damages if he injures one of the public by his negligence, but not if he injures one of his own servants. For instance, if he is a brewer or publican, he is liable, supposing a chance passenger falls down an unguarded cellar, but not if the same mishap befalls one of his own men. So long as almost all businesses were pursued on a small scale, there was, as observed above, some sense in this distinction, because a workman is naturally supposed to know and provide against the peculiar risks of his own calling. But for some time it has been felt that a change in the law was demanded by the establishment of the gigantic industrial organisations of modern times. It can be easily seen that in many cases of railway or mining accident an *employé* stands towards his nominal masters rather as a member of the outside public than as a servant. The chief difficulty in drafting the Bill has been to avoid giving it too wide a scope. If masters were made liable for all injuries to their servants injustice would result. It would be manifestly unjust to make a farmer, for example, pay for a hurt inflicted on a mower by the carelessly-managed scythe of one of his comrades. But it would not be unjust to make a railway company pay for running one of their trains over a plate-layer, provided that he was not exposing himself recklessly. Hence the importance of a definition which shall shut out one of these examples, and admit the other. The Lord Chancellor proposes to solve the problem by giving a right of action against employers to servants who have been injured by the negligence of "servants in authority." It will, however, be no easy matter to give a precise meaning to the phrase, yet it ought to be accomplished, otherwise an Act, which is confessedly intended to promote litigation, will do mischief rather than good. Lord Delawarr's Bill, which is decidedly more favourable to the workman's interest, may afford some useful hints in this respect.

**LABOUR CANDIDATES.**—Mr. Shipton is much blamed by Liberal newspapers for having allowed himself to be nominated as a candidate for Southwark, and it is, of course, easy to understand their anxiety to see their party united in such a crisis as this. At the same time, it is not unreasonable to ask why, in the event of two Liberals offering themselves for election, it should always be the working man candidate who is expected to withdraw. In the present instance nobody pretends that Mr. Dunn is a brilliant politician; again and again his friends have apologised with amusing frankness for his deficiencies as a speaker, nor do they pretend that he has any higher claims than such as are conferred by zeal and wealth. Mr. Shipton, on the other hand, is said to be a man of considerable talent, well able to set forth the opinions and demands of his class. It is often said that the interests of labour can be perfectly well defended in Parliament without the presence of members who have themselves been workmen, but this is at least open to question. Employers inevitably look at every problem from their special point of view. They may have the best intentions with respect to the employed, but they cannot in all cases rise above the prejudices of their class, and when they do they are sometimes apt to act impulsively and rashly. If Parliament included a sufficient contingent of working men, it would be saved from some dangers to which it is now exposed through sheer ignorance. Mr. Burt is generally admitted to have been a most useful representative, and his influence would have been still more beneficent had he been supported by several artisans of his own type. Of course a working man must have genuine claims on a constituency before being accepted as a candidate; but if he has such claims we see no good reason why he should invariably make way for a rival who happens to be better off.

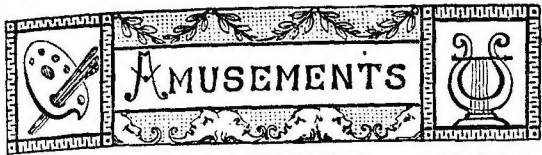
**FROZEN MEAT.**—That wonderful story which came some time since from Queensland has not yet been realised. It is not yet in our power to freeze living animals, and restore them to life again some months afterwards. But a problem has been apparently solved which would have seemed nearly as great a marvel to our forefathers. When Governor Phillip in 1788 landed his first cargo of malefactors at Sydney Cove he would have been puzzled if told that a hundred years later Australia would retaliate good for evil by sending the mother-country cargoes of appetising beefsteaks and mutton chops. Experts who have partaken of the frozen meat *ex Strathleven* speak highly of its good quality, and, if future ventures prove equally successful, we may hope hereafter for a substantial addition to our supply of animal food, and of a more attractive character than the tinned meats. We doubt whether the importation, however, will cause any sensible reduction in prices. This need not necessarily be due, in our opinion, to any artificial bolstering up of the market by our astute, but much-reviled, friend, the butcher. The causes lie deeper. An apparently unlimited capacity for absorbing butchers' meat exists in this country, and the least fall in price produces a corresponding demand. If Australia works this



FEB. 14, 1880

discovery skilfully, it would do her more good than a new Ballarat. Then possibly this refrigerating process may be applied to the cooling of human beings as well as the freezing of meat. We have heard doctors in India say that if Europeans could only ensure cool nights they might safely endure the heat of the day. Why not try it in the Indian barracks? And, by the aid of this invention, the Governor-General and his staff might manage to spend more time in Calcutta, and less at Simla.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, of EIGHT PAGES containing ILLUSTRATIONS of SYDNEY, with DESCRIPTION.—The Two Half-Sheets this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding as directed by the pagination.



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THE CAMBRIDGE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS

AND

LIFE ON BOARD H.M.S. "ST. VINCENT"

See page 157.

OUR portraits of the Wranglers are from photographs—those of Messrs. Thomson and Larmor by Hill and Saunders, 15, King's Parade, Cambridge, that of Miss Scott by Reston, 6, Dorset Street, Stretford, near Manchester.

## THE BURSTING OF THE "THUNDERER" GUN

THE final experiment with the 38-ton gun, which was to test the accuracy of the theory put forward by the members of the Select Committee as to the cause of the accident on board the *Thunderer*, took place at Woolwich on the 3rd inst., and the result was exactly what had been anticipated, the huge weapon parting just in front of the breech end, and the fore part bursting into no fewer than 120 pieces, which were blown forward and buried in the mound of earth, timber, masonry, and sand-bags, which had been built above and around the gun to preserve the fragments for after-examination, as well as to protect the lives and limbs of the operators and spectators, amongst whom were General Gordon the President, and the whole of the members of the Select Committee. The gun was fired by electricity, and the instant the connection was made an immense mass of wreckage, half-hidden in a dense cloud of smoke, was lifted into the air, and the thunder of the report was heard. The fire-hose was next brought into use, and soon some members of the Committee groped into the bursting cell and came out with the news that the gun had "gone." The fragments have since been dug out, and it has been found that the two projectiles were also broken to pieces, it is thought before leaving the gun. These relics will be carefully arranged and placed for exhibition in the Royal Gun Factories at Woolwich, where the remnant of the other gun is now on view.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. E. W. Brown.

## THE NEW HAYMARKET THEATRE

A WONDERFUL transformation has been effected in the interior of the Haymarket Theatre, and whatever one may think as to the policy of abolishing that time-honoured institution, the pit, or of the correctness of taste displayed in such a lavish use of gilding and bright colours, all must admit that Mr. Bancroft has spared no expense to furnish his patrons with a gorgeous and comfortable lounge. The dangerous steep staircase which led to what was once the pit, and is now the stalls, has given place to wide flights of stairs and gentle slopes of tessellated pavement; while the first and second circles and the gallery are approached from separate entrances beneath the portico, so that the means of ingress and egress for the various parts of the house are greatly improved. As viewed from the stage, the most striking feature of the auditorium is perhaps the crescent-shaped "balcony," which takes the place of that ugly oblong structure, the old dress circle. The first circle above this recedes slightly, as does the second circle above that, and the private boxes are placed behind the balcony and at the sides. The seats throughout the house have been re-arranged, so that a direct line of vision is now obtained from every part. The decorations are in the ornate style of the Renaissance, the prevailing tone being an ivory white, with a slight tinge of fawn and grey ground around the "lunettes," on which are depicted allegorical scenes and figures from Shakespeare, Milton's *Comus*, and classic fable, the artists being Messrs. F. Smith, J. D. Watson, and T. Ballard. The upholstery of the seats is of crimson velvet, and the carpets are of the same colour, while the curtains of the boxes are of ivory-coloured satin edged with gold fringe. Turning from the auditorium to the stage, the eye is overpowered with the gorgeousness of the monstrous gilt and ornamented frame (which has been substituted for the ordinary proscenium), the bottom portion of which serves to conceal the orchestra from view. The effect of this "massive and elaborate" setting, of which the management seem to be very proud, must in our opinion be to distract the attention of the spectators from the performance. The drop scene is a charming painting, representing the whole of the characters in the *School for Scandal*, the figures being painted by Mr. D. White, while the background is the work of Mr. O'Connor.

The manner in which *Money* has been placed on the stage, and the performances of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and the rest of the company in their various characters, as well as the riotous proceedings of the would-be pitites on the opening night, have already been commented upon in our columns.

## THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

It is very seldom that Londoners have a chance of witnessing any State pageantry, so that when it was announced that Her Majesty would open Parliament in person, and that there would be a Royal procession of greater proportions than usual, a brisk demand arose for windows overlooking the route, while the crowd in the

streets was expected to be so great, that barriers were erected at different points in order that the crush might be lessened. The usual good fortune of Her Majesty, with respect to the weather attended the day, the fogs which had enveloped the metropolis for the previous fortnight suddenly lifted, and the sun shone out brilliantly to welcome the Sovereign as she started on her way to the House of Lords from Buckingham Palace. The Royal procession consisted of an escort of the 1st Life Guards, six State carriages, each drawn by six bays, and Her Majesty's carriage, drawn by the well-known eight cream-coloured horses. The first six carriages contained the various officials and ladies-in-waiting upon Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, except the last, which was occupied by Prince Leopold. In the Royal State carriage, glazed almost as fully as Cinderella's glass coach, Her Majesty was accompanied by the Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Wellington, Mistress of the Robes. The Royal progress was greeted throughout the route by the enthusiastic cheers of the thousands of spectators; but at a short distance beyond the Duke of York's Column the cortege came to a sudden halt. The trappings of one of the horses had slipped out of place, and a postilion had to dismount and put them right, Viscount Bridport riding up to the window and explaining to Her Majesty the cause of the stoppage. At the Peers' entrance to the Houses of Parliament Her Majesty was received by a guard of honour of the 2nd Life Guards and the Grenadier Guards, and the guns of St. James's Park loudly proclaimed the fact that the Queen had entered the House. The aspect of the interior, and the formalities attending the reading of the Speech, were fully described by us in a special article on the subject last week, so that we need only say that, notwithstanding the enormous crowds which thronged the streets, no disorder whatever occurred.

## FAGOTING IN MIDLOTHIAN

"FAGOTING" may be defined as the creation of a voting qualification by artificial contrivances. Ordinarily, a man occupies a house because he wants to live in it, and not with any regard to electioneering purposes. When the process is reversed, and he occupies a house with the primary object of obtaining a vote, he becomes a "fagoter." It has been decided that there is no illegality in "fagoting," still, it does not seem a highly moral proceeding, but probably the Edinburgh Radicals excuse their fagoting arrangements on the plea that they are merely retaliating the tactics which the Tories began.

When it was announced that Mr. Gladstone was going to stand for Midlothian, the Tories resolved to defeat him, and with this view arranged to add several hundred "foreign" voters to the new register. Moved to indignation by Mr. Gladstone's righteous denunciation of this iniquity during his late speaking-tour in Scotland, the Liberal workmen of Edinburgh determined to be even with their foes. They too would create fagot votes.

Accordingly, on the Dalry Road, a mile west of Princes Street, on a site which is within the county, yet sufficiently near the city for artisans, there are being built ten large blocks of houses, each of which will accommodate sixteen families. They are each four storeys high, the fronts are of ashlar masonry, while the back walls and interior partitions are of brick. The houses are not intended to be occupied before May; but, in order to have their owners admitted to the new registry of voters, it was essential that they should be so far advanced as to be of the requisite rateable value before the 31st ult. Great efforts, therefore, have been made to ensure this end, and the work has been carried on day and night, without intermission, by relays of masons, bricklayers, carpenters, and labourers. For illuminating the night work (which is represented in our engraving) paraffin and naphtha have been extensively used. It is worth noting that every Liberal voter transferred from Edinburgh to these Dalry houses is a Liberal voter lost to the city, and the upshot of the whole matter appears to be that fagoting is a costly and troublesome process, and altogether a game scarcely worth the candle.

We trust, when these eager politicians come to inhabit these dwellings, that they will not be martyred by rheumatism from damp walls, or find the hastily-constructed tenements tumbling about their ears.

## SUNDAY IN A FRONTIER TOWN, U.S.A.

THE word "frontier" in the Western States of America means the boundary between civilisation and the wilderness, and it is always slowly moving onwards. In fact, the phrase, "Far West," so common in the mouths of Americans of the last generation, is now almost out of date. The irrepressible white man is advancing upon the interior both from the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, and Red Indians and buffaloes have no choice but to become domesticated, or to disappear.

In these sketches of the "Frontier Town" we perceive that the Indian is a prominent figure. We see him enjoying a pipe in the hotel office, the walls of which are hung round with Indian curios; we see him trafficking with the white traders at the store; we see him racing his pony over the prairie; we see him making a deal in horseflesh. The decorous Sunday of New England does not prevail in these wild Western regions. The population is more cosmopolitan, gold and silver mining and German immigration have combined to make the Sunday rather a day of pleasure than of worship. It is to be admitted, however, that the smart bar-maiden in the lager beer saloon, and the snug card party under the trees, have their Sunday analogues even in this strait-laced island of our own.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. W. P. Hooper, Brown's Valley, Minnesota, U.S.A.

## "LORD BRACKENBURY"

A NEW NOVEL by Miss A. B. Edwards is commenced on page 169.

## THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND

See page 175.

## SYDNEY ILLUSTRATED

See page 178.

## THE AFGHAN WAR

THERE is little fresh news from Afghanistan, and the chief theme of discussion continues to be what form of Government shall definitively be established in the country. It is not thought likely that we shall again leave behind us a united Afghanistan, but rather that several petty principalities will be organised, and to this intent the names of several noteworthy Sirdars have come to the front, including Wali Mahomed, Shere Ali's half-brother, who is now acting as Governor of Cabul; Hassan Khan, who married Shere Ali's daughter, and who is stated to possess considerable influence with the Afghans; Ayoo Khan, Yakooob's brother, who is at Herat, and is said to be almost a prisoner among his own troops; and Abdurraman, half-brother to Yakooob, who has long been a refugee in Russian Turkestan, and a pensioner of the Russian Government, and who recently has re-entered Afghanistan. Musa Jan, the little son of Yakooob, is still at Ghazni with the rebel leaders, Mahomed Jan and Mooshk-i-Alim, who are doing their utmost to effect a second rising of the tribes against us, though, as far as can be judged, with but indifferent success. Indeed, the portion of Afghanistan in our occupation is exceedingly tranquil just now. In the province of Cabul the people are sullenly acquiescent, while the postal and telegraphic service have been uninterrupted, and on Monday a telegram of Sunday's date appeared in

(Continued on page 158.)





ANTIQUITIES IN AFGHANISTAN—AN ANCIENT INSCRIPTION AT HADJI SHAH



MR. J. LARMOR (SENIOR WRANGLER), ST. JOHN'S

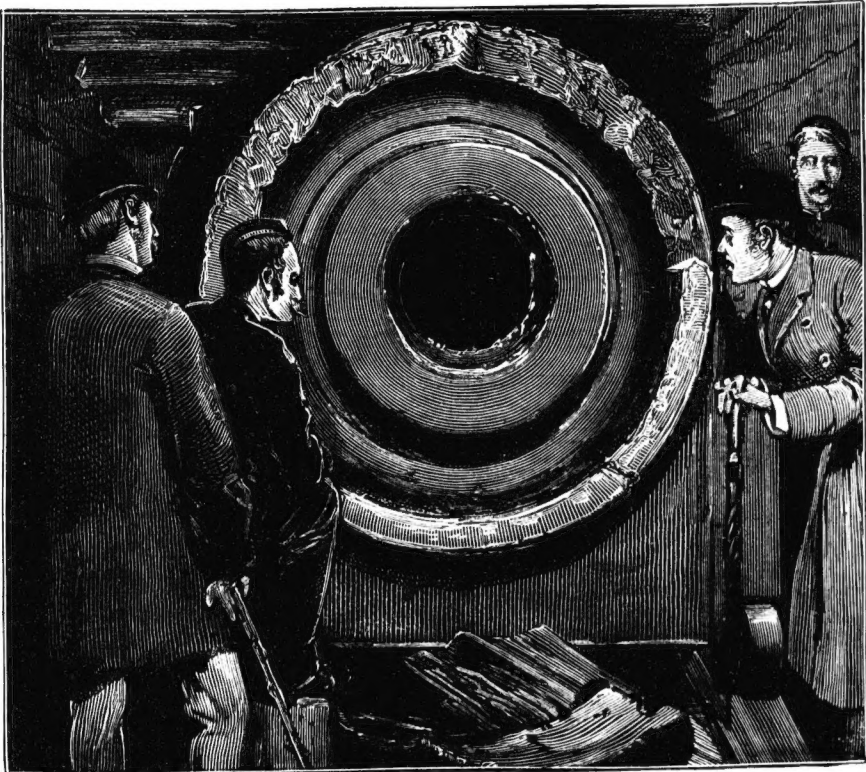


MR. J. J. THOMSON (SECOND WRANGLER), TRINITY



MR. W. B. ALLCOCK (THIRD WRANGLER), EMMANUEL

THE CAMBRIDGE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS



1. Interior of Bursting Cell, looking forward, showing some of the Fragments.—2. Breech Portion of the Gun, showing the Main Fracture.

THE BURSTING OF THE 38-TON "THUNDERER" GUN AT WOOLWICH



## LIFE ON BOARD H.M.S. "ST. VINCENT"

A SHORT time back Mr. Blake, M.P. for Leominster, was commissioned by the Government to inspect the different training ships for boys in the Royal Navy. His report was that everything was satisfactory, and any one who has had the good fortune to visit H.M.S. *St. Vincent* must to the full endorse that opinion, everything being conducted on board with perfect discipline, yet without too much rigour. The faces of the lads beam with life and health. At "eight bells" (twelve o'clock) the bugle is sounded, and the boys from all parts of the ship tumble down the hatchways to take their seats for dinner. At command, grace is said by the whole crew in unison, and full justice is soon done to a good repast (roast beef and baked potatoes, with plum pudding following). From the upper deck to the hold everything is scrupulously clean. The boys, numbering on the average 800, bathe nearly every day, and on Saturdays it is compulsory, the operation being performed in the bows of the ship, where the baths and other appliances are fitted. In the stern of the *St. Vincent* is the school-room. Gun drill takes place on the maindeck every day; there are twenty guns in all on board, ten a side, of the old style (muzzle-loaders). As we descend below to the fourth deck (the orlop), in the sternmost part, is the canteen. Here the men only receive their beer and spirits, and the boys their bread, &c. Towards evening the treacle cans are "broached," and each boy receives in a basin his share, together with bread, which composes his supper. None of the boys are allowed intoxicating liquors.

The *St. Vincent*, at present lying at the mouth of Haslar Creek, is one of the good old wooden three-decked sailing vessels of the *Victory* type, and was built at Plymouth in the year 1815. She was pierced for 102 guns, her tonnage being 2,612; but it is many years since she went to sea.

Scholarship in mathematics with Bachelor of Science degree in 1878. At Cambridge he won the First Minor Scholarship in 1876, and subsequently a Foundation Scholarship. He was Wright's prizeman in each year of residence, and Hughes prizeman in 1879.



MISS CHARLOTTE ANGAS SCOTT, OF GIRTON COLLEGE  
Ranked equal to Eighth Wrangler in the recent Cambridge Mathematical Tripos.

His private tutor was Mr. Routh, this being the twenty-first year in which the Senior Wrangler has been a pupil of that celebrated "coach."

MR. JOSEPH JOHN THOMSON, of Trinity College, who is twenty-three years of age, is the son of the late Mr. J. J. Thomson, of Manchester. He was educated first at a private school, and entered Owens College, Manchester, in 1871. In 1873 he won the

Ashbury Scholarship for Engineering and the Dalton Junior Mathematical Scholarship. In 1874 he won the Dalton Senior Mathematical Scholarship, and in the following year he was elected an Associate of the College. In 1876 he gained a Minor Scholarship at Trinity College, which he afterwards exchanged for a Foundation Scholarship. In 1878 he was elected to a Scholarship offered by the Grocers' Company, and in 1879 he obtained the Sheepshanks Astronomical Exhibition. His private tutor was Mr. Routh.

MR. WALTER BURT ALLCOCK, of Emmanuel, son of the late Mr. Thomas Allcock, of Ravenhurst, Staffordshire, was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham. He obtained a Minor Scholarship before entering at Emmanuel, which he exchanged for a Foundation Scholarship after the following May examination. He obtained the Thorpe Scholarship in his third year. Mr. Allcock's mathematical master at Birmingham was Mr. Levett; his private tutor at Cambridge, Mr. Routh. He was also materially assisted by his brothers, one of whom, Mr. Charles Howard Allcock, is a Fellow of Emmanuel.

MISS CHARLOTTE ANGAS SCOTT, of Girton College, who has this year passed an examination which, but for her sex, would have placed her in the position of Eighth Wrangler, is daughter of the Rev. Principal Scott, B.A. and LL.B. (Lond.), of Lancashire College, Manchester. Her education, until her entrance at Girton, was carried on almost entirely in her own home. In December, 1872, she first went into the Cambridge Junior Examination, and in the following year to the Oxford Junior, in both cases obtaining first-class honours. She afterwards went in for the Cambridge Senior, and in December, 1875, obtained the first place amongst the girls. She passed in Latin, Greek, pure mathematics, religious knowledge, French, English, and applied mathematics, in the last four of which she was distinguished. In consequence of this position, scholarships at Newnham Hall and at Bedford College were offered to her; but she elected to compete for an Entrance Scholarship at Girton (preferring that college because it imposes conditions on its students precisely corresponding with those imposed by the University on candidates for degrees), and obtained the Goldsmith Company's Scholarship. Her tutor whilst at Girton was Mr. Temperley, of Queen's, until last summer, when he was appointed Moderator. Mr. Routh was then applied to; but, on account of his numerous engagements, was unwillingly obliged to decline. For the last three months she has read with Mr. Walker, of Queen's. The advocates of the higher education of women will congratulate Miss Scott upon her success, and themselves upon the fact that, were women not unfairly excluded from academic honours, three other ladies, Misses Staley, Kerr, and Jackson, would have come out in the third class. It is also worthy of note that some of the female students from Newnham Hall, who were informally examined in the Michaelmas Term last year, were similarly successful. Miss Marten got a first-class in the Moral Sciences Tripos, and Miss Gardner and Miss Marshall a like position in the Historical Tripos.



1. The Auditorium from the Stage.—2. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft.—3. Mr. Bancroft as Sir Frederick Blount, and Mr. Conway as Evelyn.—4. The Last Scene in "Money."—5. Mrs. Bancroft as Lady Franklin, and Mr. Cecil as Mr. Graves.—6. The Drop Scene, and the Royal Box.

OUR ARTIST'S NOTES AT THE NEW HAYMARKET THEATRE



**The Times.** General Bright's expedition into the Lughman Valley is also progressing satisfactorily, and is expected to result in a less difficult and more expeditious route being adopted to Cabul.

At Herat there has been a second sharp conflict between the contending parties, the Cabulis having defeated the Heratis with great slaughter.

#### THE EXECUTIONS IN CABUL

OUR engraving is from a sketch kindly forwarded by Lieutenant E. A. Smith, R.A., and represents two Cabul mutineers, who have been tried and condemned to death by the Military Commission, on their way to be hanged. The executions take place outside a ruined village a quarter of a mile from the western gate of the Sherpur Cantonment. The gallows is a strong horizontal beam, supported on two uprights firmly fixed in the ground, and is constructed so that five men may be executed at the same time. "All arrangements for the speedy execution of the condemned," states a correspondent of the *Calcutta Englishman*, "are excellently managed by the Provost-Sergeant and his assistants. So numerous have these hangings been that they excite but little attention; no natives of the country, however, appear as spectators." Sir F. Roberts, who has been severely blamed in certain quarters for exercising undue severity in these executions, has telegraphed that "before November 12 about seventy-three men were executed: one, the city Khotwal (magistrate), and six other men, were convicted of dishonouring the bodies of the Embassy, seventeen for attacking escorts, and having property of the Embassy in their possession, and forty-nine for proved murders of camp-followers and implication in the attack on the Residency. Since November 12, nine were executed on conviction of attacking the Residency. Up to the 15th of December fifteen more were sentenced to death for killing wounded soldiers, as well as for implication in attack on the Residency." *The Times* understands that a report, with the names of all the persons executed, and also the charges against them, is now on its way to England.

#### ANTIQUITIES IN AFGHANISTAN

OUR sketch is from the Rev. C. Swinnerton, who writes:—"I send you a sketch of a fragment of an old inscription at Hadji Shah. I also enclose the inscription done separately, so that the engraver may be able to copy it exactly as I found it. Some of the learned pundits about here, men well read in Sanscrit and other ancient alphabets, recognise the letters, and it probably belongs to an age anterior to the Christian era. So few inscriptions were left by the destroying Mahomedans in 1030, that the one or two known to exist are of intense interest. This one has never been copied by a European, and probably never seen by one before."



THE LIVERPOOL ELECTION has resulted, as most people expected, in a victory for the Conservatives. There was a great deal of excitement on the polling day, but good order was observed, and the official arrangements were as near perfection as possible. The twenty-nine polling stations were subdivided, so that there were virtually no fewer than 145 polling places, and the counting of votes was got through by eight o'clock, the poll having closed at four. The poll is said to be the highest taken in any constituency in this country. The number of electors on the register is 63,946. There were 50,359 ballot papers, 49,991 of which were "good," 26,106 being for Mr. Whitley, and 23,885 for Lord Ramsay. Both candidates addressed meetings of their supporters after the result of the poll was announced, and at the Conservative gathering the chairman of Mr. Whitley's committee read the following telegram from Colonel Taylor:—"There is nothing in the long statement appearing in to-day's *Times*, signed 'A. Sullivan' which implicates the Government, and on its part I repudiate all knowledge of the circumstances detailed. Repeat my former contradiction." Mr. Whitley, the new member, who is now in his fifty-fifth year, is an extremely popular man. He is a solicitor by profession, and has for many years taken an active part in political affairs. He became a member of the Town Council in 1865, and was Mayor of Liverpool in 1867-8. On Saturday his admirers presented him with a brougham and a pair of horses, in honour of his election.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.—Lord Ramsay is to be invited to contest the Borough of Finsbury at the general election.—The nomination for Southwark took place on Tuesday, and as the polling was fixed for yesterday (Friday), it will be known by the time these pages are in the hands of our readers upon which of the three candidates the choice of the electors has fallen.—A vigorous contest has also been going on at Barnstable between Sir R. Carden (C.) and Viscount Lymington (L.), who were nominated on Tuesday.—Mr. Sullivan's charges concerning the encouragement of Home Rule by the Conservatives were not, it now appears, aimed at any members of the Cabinet, or even any prominent English Conservatives, but against some comparatively unknown Irish Conservatives, a list of whom he publishes in a long letter to *The Times*. In a second communication Mr. Sullivan asks, "Why should that be flat blasphemy in the Liberal which is not even a choleric word in the Conservative? Colonel King-Harman, Sir George Bowyer, and Mr. George Morris would vote not merely for an inquiry, but for Home Rule itself; and they are joyfully welcomed, and one of them most deservedly honoured on the Ministerial benches. Lord Ramsay would vote against Home Rule, believing it to be wrong; but would vote for investigation, believing that to be justice, and he is Anathema Maran-atha! What is the lesson of all this? Do you think these things are not noted down by the men who say it is dynamite and gunpowder, not argument or evidence, that will move English public opinion?"—Mr. Adam, the Liberal "whip," has been addressing meetings of his constituents during the week. At one of the meetings he alleged that the Tory party had done more in six years to shake the British Constitution than was ever done by the Liberals in any time.

LAND LAW REFORM.—On Tuesday the conference of delegates representing various societies in London and the provinces was held in St. James's Hall, under the presidency of Mr. C. Bradlaugh, the object being to decide upon a scheme for the establishment of a Poor Law Reform League. Papers were read and speeches made by Mrs. Besant, Mr. Joseph Arch, Mr. Biggar, M.P., Mr. Burt, M.P., and the chairman, whose programme for the proposed association was finally adopted. At a public meeting in the evening, presided over by Alderman Gurney, Mayor of Nottingham, after speeches from the above-named gentlemen, and some others, including Mr. Michael Davitt, the same resolution was unanimously adopted.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN, was on Monday destroyed by a fire which originated in the Viceregal box while the house was being lit up for a morning performance to be given in aid of the Irish Distress Fund, and which was to have been attended by the Duchess of Marlborough. Mr. Egerton, the stage-manager, perished in the fire, while thirteen workmen and firemen sustained injuries; the Lieutenant of the Fire-brigade being badly hurt by some falling debris. Several members of the company had narrow escapes. The intensity of the fire was increased by a stiff breeze, and in one hour the building was a mass of blazing ruins. The Theatre Royal,

which was built in 1821 (the year in which George IV. visited Ireland), was about the size of Drury Lane Theatre, and was insured for 17,000*l.*; but the amount of damage must far exceed that sum. The fire attracted a great crowd of spectators; and one account states that large numbers of the students of Trinity got on the College roof and nearly created a riot by throwing fireworks and money into the crowd below.

THE DRAMATIC, EQUESTRIAN, AND MUSICAL SICK FUND ASSOCIATION held its annual festival at Willis's Rooms on Wednesday, Mr. Rance, Mayor of Cambridge, presiding. Mrs. Stirling, in returning thanks for the toast of the evening, spoke in her well-known humorous style, and was greatly cheered by the company.

THE LORD MAYOR is suffering from an attack of congestion of the lungs, and has been strictly enjoined to refrain from the performance of public duties for the present. His place at the Central Criminal Court and elsewhere will be temporarily filled by Sir T. Gabriel and other aldermen.

ARCTIC BALLOONING.—The manager of the Crystal Palace Company, taking up the idea suggested by "F.R.S." in *The Times*, has offered to co-operate with Commander Cheyne and Mr. Coxwell in arranging for a trial trip in balloons to and from Edinburgh. He adds that if they decline, the voyage will probably be attempted by some of the aeronauts who are in the habit of making ascents from Sydenham. Mr. Coxwell has published a letter, pointing out that, though most important results would doubtless be obtained by experiments, it would be impossible in a thickly inhabited country like England to regulate the elevation of the balloons (and thus avoid expansion and loss of gas) by means of trailing-ropes, to the use of which there would be no objection in the desolate Arctic regions. He also says that real fresh balloons of stout flexible silk would be in their newly-constructed state perfect gasholders, whereas those that have seen service would not retain the gas so long. Commander Cheyne has hitherto preserved a dignified silence on the subject.

FRESH MEAT FROM AUSTRALIA.—A cargo of thirty-three tons of meat, brought from Melbourne by the *Strathleven*, and preserved during the voyage by a process of dry-air refrigeration invented by Mr. J. J. Coleman, of Glasgow, was sold at Smithfield on Saturday, the mutton at from 5½*d.* to 6*d.* per lb., and the beef at 5*d.* On the previous day the meat was tasted at a luncheon given on board the *Strathleven*, and was declared to be undistinguishable from freshly-killed English meat. It is stated that meat can be bought in Australia for less than 2*d.* per lb., and that the cost of bringing it over would probably not exceed that sum.

THE MEMORIAL TO THE EX-PRINCE IMPERIAL.—The announcement that Mr. Boehm's memorial statue of the late ex-Prince Louis Napoleon is completed, and would soon be placed in Westminster Abbey, has caused a renewal of the public opposition with which the first news of the project was met. A memorial protesting against the erection of it in the Abbey, on the ground that it is wholly out of harmony with the national and historic character of the Abbey, and that it would give rise to needless and unfortunate misapprehension in a friendly nation of the intentions of the promoters and of the feeling of the English people, is now being prepared, and has already received the signatures of a large number of Members of Parliament and other persons of influence.

MR. TRACY TURNERELLI is still lecturing on "the Truth about the Beaconsfield Wreath." The other day, at Leamington, his announcements stated that both the Court and a section of the Cabinet are desirous of helping him to rebut the charge of mercenary motives; but that the private approval of Royal and other persons does not suffice to remove the public charge of aiming at rewards and honours, and no alternative is left him, if he wishes to be ranked amongst honest and honourable men, but to address his countrymen on the public platforms of England.

THE AUSTRALIAN MAIL STEAMER "CHIMBORAZO," which left Plymouth on Sunday, met with a heavy gale in the Channel, which so disabled her as to compel her to put back. When about 150 miles from Plymouth she was struck by a tremendous sea, which carried overboard one of the passengers and two seamen, whilst several other persons were hurt by being knocked down upon the deck, one passenger so badly that he died soon afterwards. The deck-fittings and saloon of the vessel are greatly damaged, but it is believed that the hull and the machinery are sound and uninjured. The passengers and mails have been transferred to the *Sorata*.

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.—Thirty-five bodies have now been recovered, the last two having been picked up on Saturday. Both have been identified, one is that of Peter Gray Salmond, a blacksmith, of Dundee, who leaves a widow and family; and the other that of Mr. W. H. Beynon, of Cheltenham, who appears to have thrown off his coat and unbuttoned his waistcoat with the view of swimming ashore. The divers are busy fixing chains around the sunken girders, one or more of which, it is hoped, will be raised before the reopening of the inquiry on the 23rd.

AN EXCITING RESCUE was performed at Plymouth on Monday, when five boys, who had been playing in a cave facing the sea, found themselves hemmed in by the rising tide. Their shrieks soon attracted attention, and hundreds of persons gathered on the cliff above. The sea was so rough that it was useless to attempt to reach them with a boat, so two brave seamen, named Andrews and Penny, were lowered over the precipitous crag by ropes, and one by one the frightened lads were hauled in their arms.

A FATAL FIRE occurred at an infants' clothing factory at Holloway on Friday last. The flames spread so rapidly, that before the fire-escapes arrived the workwomen employed on the upper floor, whose escape was cut off by the burning away of the staircase, leaped from the windows into the street, one being killed and three severely injured by the fall. The whole of the upper part of the building was destroyed. The fire is stated to have been caused by some children playing with lucifer matches.

DURING THE FOG which prevailed last week, two men of the Coldstream Guards, stationed at the Tower, being employed in carrying provisions from one part of the building to another, had to pass along the wharf facing the river. Both asked the way of their sentry, who recommended them to turn back, as the fog was so dense. They, however, persevered, fearing to be blamed, and both appeared to have walked over the unprotected edge of the wharf into the river, from whence their bodies were recovered next day.

AN EVICTION IN LONDON.—It is not only in Ireland that people who are unable to pay rent are turned out of house and home. The other day an inquest was held on the body of an old woman who had died from bronchitis accelerated by exposure. She and her husband had for twenty-three years occupied a house in Flint Street, Southwark, paying the rent regularly; but lately, through illness, had got into arrears to the extent of 2*l.* Being unable to pay, their furniture was seized, and they themselves were told to "get out," which they accordingly did into the fog and rain, being frightened into going by the production of a paper which the broker called a warrant, but which was in reality only a blank form. The poor old couple took shelter at their daughter's house; but the woman's malady increased, and she died the next day. The jury expressed great indignation at the conduct of the broker; but the coroner pointed out that if they returned a verdict of manslaughter the bill would probably be thrown out by the grand jury, because no violence had been used. The jury therefore contented themselves with a formal verdict, and a rider expressing their regret that the deceased and her husband had been intimidated by the agent, and forced to leave their homes in such bitterly cold weather.



THE House of Commons, having been discussing Irish affairs at the moment when Black Rod arrived to summon it for prorogation, recommenced the interminable discussion within a few minutes of the Speaker's having "for greater accuracy" read the Speech from the Throne, which marked the opening of a new Session. With a judicious care that the component parts of the Empire should be fairly represented on the occasion, Lord Beaconsfield had chosen a Scotchman and an Irishman to move the Address. The Scotchman, Colonel Drummond Moray, did his work in soldier-like fashion, slashing away at all who had presumed to assail the policy of the best of all possible Governments. Mr. Corry, the Irishman (it need hardly be added under the present régime from the North of Ireland), gleefully set himself to the task of treading on the coattails of his more impressionable countrymen from the South. He denounced Home Rule high and low, and even presumed to wave his shillelagh over the head of Lord Hartington.

This was rather a characteristic than an agreeable commencement of the Session. But the note Mr. Corry struck with his bludgeon has since been preserved with great harmony on both sides of the House. Ireland and her grievous distress has been the nominal theme of debate, but the actual struggle has been under the flags of Ministerialists and the Opposition. Lord Hartington declined to move an amendment on the Address, a determination in which he found the support of his colleagues on the front bench. But the omission was readily supplied by the Home Rulers themselves, who, within an hour of the reading of the Speech, had prepared a paragraph of portentous length, denouncing the Government and all their relief works. Oddly enough—or perhaps not oddly—the business was started in a fog. The amendment was, of course, tabled in the name of Mr. Shaw, the leader of the Home Rulers, and if Mr. Shaw had found an opportunity of rising as soon as the mover and second of the Address sat down all would have gone well. Lord Hartington, however, as Leader of the Opposition, not unexpectedly insisted upon his right of precedence, and Mr. Shaw declined to take the next place. Some hours later he moved the adjournment of the debate, and a joke occurring to him, as one frequently does, he could not resist the temptation of sharing it with the House.

This weakness was fatal to his cause. According to the rules of debate in the House of Commons, a member may not speak twice on the main question, and Mr. Shaw's little joke, with its preliminary introduction, was rigidly held by the Speaker as partaking of the form of a speech. Thus it came to pass that when on Friday night Mr. Shaw would have risen to move his amendment, he was courteously but firmly informed that he was out of order. Here was a delightful muddle to commence with! The only thing to be done was to hand the amendment over to some other member; and Mr. Redmond, volunteering for the office, fulfilled it at brief notice. Then came Mr. Shaw with a really admirable speech, the tone and temper of which made the House regret, as it frequently does under similar circumstances, that Ireland could not find ninety-nine men like the member for County Cork to represent it at Westminster. That, if it were possible, would be the true and swift solution of the Irish question.

An effort was made on Friday night to bring the debate to a conclusion, an effort somewhat feeble than had been made on the previous night after an hour and a half of time had been lost in discussing whether the adjournment should or should not take place. At one o'clock on Saturday morning Mr. James Lowther, with truly patriotic spirit, sacrificed the speech he had prepared by delivering it in an almost empty House, and with a certain conviction, justified by events, that only a few lines of it would be reported. The appearance at this stage of the Chief Secretary for Ireland looked like winding up the debate. At all events, it was something in that direction. Unfortunately, however, when Mr. Lowther resumed his seat, the Irish members insisted upon a further adjournment, and the adjournment was acceded to.

On Monday it was again resumed, showing evident signs of sufferance from the process of dragging it. It might have stopped at eight o'clock, or nine o'clock, or midnight, without injury to the continuity of the story, which was simply told over again with varying degree of force and intelligence by different members. The only important speech of the night was delivered at half-past twelve, when Lord Hartington rose, and vigorously resented the imputation of guilty complicity with Home Rule thrown upon him and the Liberal party by the hon. gentlemen opposite, from Mr. Corry all the way up to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was very late, and the House was sorely tired. But Lord Hartington was in unusually good form, and made a very successful speech. He turned the flank of the enemy, and capturing some of their guns, directed the fire on their camp. Mr. Sullivan's disclosures at Liverpool with respect to the early history of the Home Rule movement, though denied by telegraph by the two Conservative whips, have apparently too large a modicum of truth in them to be disdained. They had played a large part in the controversy of the week, and Lord Hartington alluded to them with force and effect. This speech was maimed for purposes outside the House by the unfortunate circumstances of its delivery. Lord Hartington was in the House during the greater part of the night, and might have chosen his own time for delivering his soul. It is surprising that so experienced a politician did not take account of the disadvantage under which he suffered by rising at an hour of the night when it was impossible to do justice to his subject in the newspaper reports.

Mr. Sullivan, by the way, whose influence has been so powerfully felt throughout the debate, distinguished himself by making one of the worst speeches he ever delivered in the House. This happened on Friday, when Mr. Plunket interposed, and contributed to the discussion a speech which for grace, and force, and brilliancy, leavened a large lump of the precedent commonplace. Mr. Plunket is a foe worthy the steel of the "eloquent member for Louth," and ere now the two have flashed swords across the floor of the House, to the delight of a crowded assembly. It seemed natural that Mr. Sullivan should follow Mr. Plunket, and he was cheered from the Liberal side when he sprang up aflame with oratorical fury. It was expected that he would make the most of such an opportunity. Unfortunately, the pungent personal allusions of the member for Dublin University, and the laughter and cheers with which they had been welcomed by the Ministerialists, had corroded Mr. Sullivan's temper. His speech lacked incisiveness, and his gestures were sufficiently violent to give the Ministerialists a fair opportunity for indulging in laughter at the wrong place. Next to Mr. Plunket's, the speech of Mr. O'Connor Power was the best of this Friday night's sitting. Mr. Power had the good fortune to follow Mr. Charles Lewis, a gentleman whose theatrical thunder chiefly succeeds in attracting attention to the member who follows, and who is expected to afford some amusement by disclosing the materials of which it is manufactured.

The end came on Tuesday night, or rather the beginning of the end. For after four nights' speechmaking, when every aspect of the question had been more than thoroughly discussed, and the opinion of the House had been taken on the Division, Mr. O'Donnell placidly proposed to begin it all over again. The second reading of the Address having been agreed to by 216 votes against 66, the interesting document came up for the next stage on



Wednesday. This in the circumstances might reasonably have been expected to be a formal business; but Mr. O'Donnell was inclined to have a field day all to himself, and found a worthy henchman in Mr. Finigan, a gentleman who promises to add a striking figure to the oddities of Irish membership. Mr. Fawcett's amendment on this stage of the Address was disposed of by the Chancellor of the Exchequer undertaking to make a statement on Indian War finance before introducing the Budget. Then Mr. O'Donnell occupied the remainder of the sitting with a random speech that had no audience.



MR. WILLS'S *Ninon*, produced at the ADELPHI on Saturday evening, is a far more vigorous production than his domestic drama, entitled *Forced from Home*, brought out last week at the DUKE'S Theatre. The latter piece is clearly based upon the model of those suburban melodramas in which the great object is to present to the audience incidents of what is called "thrilling interest," in association with elaborate scenic representations of such familiar London localities as Waterloo Bridge and Regent's Quadrant. The former, on the contrary, carries us away to the somewhat too familiar yet still romantic and heroic period of the French Revolution; and it has a story which, if it falls considerably short of the standard of truth and consistency, and even offends occasionally against common sense, yet inspires interest, and is possessed of a certain degree of inherent strength. Mr. Wills has imagined a heroine who in the height of the revolutionary Reign of Terror is prevailed on to avenge the dishonour and consequent suicide of a beloved sister by laying a plot for the destruction of her supposed betrayer. The tempter is the notorious Marat; the object of his malignant scheme is the Count de St. Cyr, an aristocrat who feigns Republican principles. At this man's instigation, and with the approval of her father, an old watchmaker, *Ninon* contrives to be rescued from a furious mob by St. Cyr, and conveyed by him to his house and the protection of his sister and her aged confessor. Here *Ninon* by detestable arts wheedles from the Count a confession that he is engaged in a scheme for rescuing the young Dauphin out of the hands of the notorious Simon, the cordwainer; she also by unfeminine advances of a like treacherous kind in vain attempts to lead him into profligate declarations of love. Meanwhile something in his manner, and still more in his generous conduct and sentiments, gradually, and to her own horror, softens her malignant feelings. It is made to be felt that even a love for the Count is awakened in her heart; and when at length she discovers that he is entirely innocent of the crime which has, it appears, been imputed to him through the assumption of his name by a scoundrel, she is overwhelmed with remorse, and unsparing in her confessions of genuine love. This is the best part of the play; and the scenes referred to give rise to some excellent acting by Miss Wallis and Mr. Henry Neville which would doubtless have produced more effect if the dialogue had been less diffuse. The assumed necessity, however, for a happy dénouement has tempted the author to provide a mode of extricating his hero and heroine from their difficulties which is obviously improbable. Instructed by the treachery of *Ninon*, Marat has brought to St. Cyr's house a mob who break in, headed by the old watchmaker, and prepare to seize the Count; when the simple declaration of his innocence by *Ninon*, coupled with the announcement that the twain have just been hastily united by the clerical personage already alluded to, is supposed to be sufficient to calm the angry feelings of the crowd, and to baffle the iniquitous Marat.

The defects of the story of *Ninon* are obvious enough. Deliberate and persistent duplicity and treachery are too odious for the heroine to be quite acceptable to the audience, though these failings do not seem to lessen the regard of the Count—they certainly do not interfere with his purpose of marrying the watchmaker's daughter, who has played the part of wooer in so strange a fashion. It is to be noted that but for the Count's generosity in rescuing the heroine, which seems to be a foregone conclusion on the part of the plotters, the scheme must at once have broken down. Altogether the Count might have been expected to forgive his wrongs, but hardly to admire so treacherous and insinuating a personage. But he is an ardent Royalist, and even before *Ninon*'s discovery of his innocence she had rendered him valuable aid in secreting the little Dauphin, whom Mr. Wills, taking a hint perhaps from the apocryphal autobiography of Mr. Meves, the pretended Louis XVII., represents as successfully rescued from the hands of his enemies. The historical matter of the piece is not happy. The Dauphin incident is developed in a degree out of all proportion to the story, in which it plays nevertheless no essential part; and the introduction of Marat, enacted by Mr. Brooke in conventional fashion, serves little purpose but that of multiplying the anachronisms of the play. Mr. J. G. Taylor wins great applause by his performance of the character of Simon, whom he represents, in accordance with the necessarily questionable testimony of Cléry and the Duchess of Angoulême, as a kind of drunken maniac. He also exhibits him as much given to whining, shrieking, and extravagant posturing. Altogether there is a sort of picturesque power in his impersonation; but the judicious spectator sighs for more nature with less art. Mr. Fernandez acts powerfully in the part of the watchmaker; and in the person of Miss Jenny Rogers the author is fortunate in finding a graceful representative of the unhappy Dauphin. The dialogue, which is partly in verse and partly in prose, comprises numerous fine passages. Effective scenery has been provided, and *Ninon*, in spite of its faults, is likely to enjoy considerable popularity.

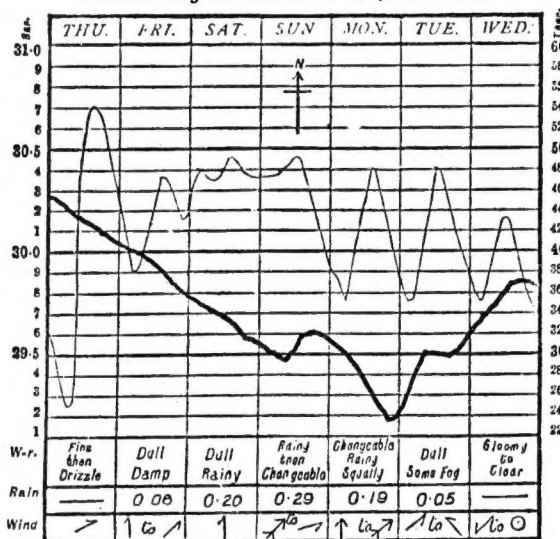
Several revivals have taken place at our theatres during the past few days, owing principally to the failure of new pieces, for which they have been substituted. At the VAUDEVILLE *The School for Scandal* is once more put on the stage—the most noteworthy features of the representation being the appearance of Mr. David James as Moses—a part which he plays with much humour, and with a careful avoidance of any tendency to extravagance—and the assumption of the part of Sir Peter by Mr. Howe, who plays with thorough knowledge of the business and traditions of that important part. Mr. Thorne is once more the representative of Crabtree, and Mr. John Clayton has just returned from America in time to reappear as Joseph Surface. Other characters are represented by Miss Kate Bishop, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Lin Rayne (whose Sir Benjamin has perhaps never been excelled), Miss Sophie Larkin, Miss Telbin, Mr. Hargreaves, Mr. Garthorne, and Miss Richards. *Milge* has been withdrawn at the ROYALTY. It is a poor play, of that familiar class in which general interest is a secondary consideration, and the providing of a very prominent part for a popular performer is regarded as the one thing needful. In its place the management have revived *Jo*, the adaptation of Dickens's "Bleak House," in which Miss Jennie Lee sustains so cleverly and with so much true pathos the part of the street boy.—At the IMPERIAL Theatre Mr. Merivale's drama, founded on Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," has also enjoyed but a brief existence. It is now superseded by a revival of Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy founded on Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," in which Miss Litton again appears as Olivia—a part which she is enabled to render very pleasing. Mr. Lionel Brough succeeds in making Moses a broadly humorous part. The Mrs. Primrose of the cast is again Mrs. Stirling, the Vicar Mr. Farren.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew appears as young Thornhill. The company, which also includes Mr. Everill, Mr. Baumber, and Mr. Edgar, is exceptionally strong. As our readers are no doubt aware, the performances at the IMPERIAL are now confined to the afternoons. A revival of *As You Like It* is here in active preparation.—The late Mr. Watts Phillips's *Amos Clarke*, originally produced at the QUEEN'S Theatre, has been revived at the CONNAUGHT, where Mr. George Rignold sustains his original character as the hero. This is an impersonation remarkable for power and concentration. The play is, moreover, a work of considerable merit. Miss Caroline Hill represents the heroine with due sincerity and tenderness.

Miss Ellen Terry has unfortunately been indisposed for a few days. The character of Portia in the *Merchant of Venice* has in consequence been undertaken by Miss Alma Murray.—Mr. J. S. Clarke commences an engagement at the OLYMPIC on Monday next. *Gulliver* will be performed at the GAIETY this morning and evening for the last time. On Monday there will be revived here Mr. Byron's *Blow for Blow*, and Mr. Burnand's amusing burlesque of *Rob Roy*.—Drink at the PRINCESS's will be succeeded on Monday by a revival of Mr. Boucicault's *Streets of London*.

## WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FEBRUARY 5 TO FEBRUARY 11 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been generally dull and damp, and temperature has been much higher than for some time past. On Thursday (5th inst.) a maximum of 54° was reached, but since then the thermometer has not exceeded 49°; the night readings have nearly all been above the freezing point, and during the night of Friday (6th inst.) temperature did not fall below 43°. On Saturday night (7th inst.) a small depression passed across England, and a fresh gale from the south-west blew in squalls, while on Monday evening (9th inst.) the passage of another and deeper disturbance caused a hard gale from the same quarter. With these exceptions, however, the winds have been generally light or moderate in force. Hail showers occurred in many parts of London on Sunday afternoon (8th inst.), and rain has fallen on several other occasions. The barometer fell steadily during Thursday, Friday, and Saturday (5th, 6th, and 7th inst.), and, after recovering for a short time on Sunday (8th inst.), again fell on Monday (9th inst.); since then, however, the motion has been generally upward. The barometer was highest (30.26 inches) on Thursday (5th inst.); lowest (29.17 inches) on Monday (9th inst.); range, 1.09 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (55°) on Thursday (5th inst.); lowest (25°) on same day; range, 29°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 0.79 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.29 inches, on Sunday (8th inst.).



SARDON'S NEW PLAY, *Daniel Rochat*, is to be brought out on Monday at the Paris Théâtre Français.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKIÖLD, in the *Vega*, has passed through the Suez Canal, and was expected at Naples on Thursday.

THE HIGHLAND BALL, under the direction of the Gaelic Society, takes place this year at Willis's Rooms, on Monday, the 16th inst.

FEMALE PREACHERS are now legally permitted to enter the ministry of a new American sect, recently established at Philadelphia as the "Methodist Church."

A NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY is to be established in Japan, intended to contain the likenesses of those who render distinguished service to the Mikado's Government or to the nation at large.

THE NEWSVENDORS' BENEVOLENT AND PROVIDENT INSTITUTION will hold its annual meeting at 28, St. Martin's Lane at six o'clock on Tuesday evening next. Mr. Alsager H. Hill will take the chair.

THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL is to be used for the conveyance of the Swiss mails as early as next summer, the Swiss authorities having made arrangements to this effect, without waiting for the construction of the railway.

TWO VALUABLE FRAGMENTS IN GREEK TEXT OF ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES have been discovered by an Italian priest in the binding of an old Greek manuscript in the ancient library of St. Ambrose, on Mount Athos.

JAPAN is sending workmen to Sévres to study the process of porcelain manufacture in that celebrated factory, so that native Japanese design and workmanship is threatened with that foreign influence, which has already destroyed so much character in Indian products.

PANCAKE DAY.—With reference to our article on this subject last week, we have received letters from several correspondents, stating that the Pancake Bell is still rung in many churches on Shrove Tuesday. Northumberland, Nottingham, and other counties are cited.

INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE STAMPS.—The Governments of France and Belgium are negotiating about an international postage stamp. Payment of small sums in postage-stamps would thereby be rendered possible between the two countries, and an international stamp might be enclosed for a reply.

ROYAL SCOTCH ACADEMY.—At a meeting of the Royal Scottish Academicians, held in Edinburgh on Tuesday, Sir Daniel Macnee, President, in the chair, Mr. Norman Macbeth and Mr. Otto T. Leyde, Associates, were elected to fill the vacancies in the lists of Academicians caused by the deaths of Mr. Sam Bough and Mr. James Cassie.

THE PARIS LOUVRE has acquired Ingres' charming picture, "La Baigneuse," which was painted at Rome in 1808, and is considered one of the best examples of the French artist. Henri Regnault's portrait of the Comtesse de Barck has also been added to the collection of modern works, while a new room for modern sculpture, adjoining the Musée Chaudet, has recently been opened.

TWO PRAYER-BOOKS BELONGING TO MARIE ANTOINETTE, and which were in the possession of Prince Louis Napoleon, have been presented by the ex-Empress to the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia. The books were read by the Queen during her imprisonment at the Conciergerie, and are filled with her manuscript notes.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS IN NEW YORK, whose exhibitions include the works of younger painters, and of a more advanced style of art than those of the parent institution in the Academy of Design, opens its third annual collection on March 15. Water-colours and drawings in black-and-white will also be hung for the first time in these exhibitions.

THE NUMBER OF NEWSPAPERS IN THE WORLD has been estimated at 23,290 by a German journal. Europe claims 13,600, and of these the largest number, 3,778, are published in Germany. England comes next with 2,509, then France with 2,000, Italy with 1,226, Austria 1,200, and Russia 500. In America the number is calculated at 9,129, in Asia 388, in Africa 50, and in Australia 100.

AN "ICE JUBILEE" has been kept near Bregenz on Lake Constance, the lake being frozen over about every fifty years, and the last occasion being in the winter of 1829-30. A special journal was published to commemorate the event. In Upper Austria, by the way, many large lakes are completely frozen over for the first time for twenty-five years, and Lake Zirknitz in Carniola is a mass of solid ice, all the fish being killed.

A TOWN IS TO BE WARMED BY STEAM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—The municipal authorities of Cincinnati have passed a resolution permitting a system of pipes to be laid down in the streets with a view to warming the houses and public buildings of the city by steam. Mr. Jacobs, the Mayor, has already signed the concession, which is granted to a joint-stock company, who have undertaken to carry out the scheme on what is known as the Holly System.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS have been presented by the Prince of Wales with a fine collection of Indian pheasants, including three pairs of Impeyan pheasants, a pair of tragopans or horned pheasants, and a male specimen of Temminck's tragopan. The Prince has also given two real Himalayan wild goats, known as the thar or tahir (*Capra Temminckii*), one of whom he brought from India, while the other has been born in England. The Brighton Aquarium also has been presented by the Queen with a West Indian turtle.

THE FIRST PATENT EVER ISSUED IN THE UNITED STATES has been offered to the American Government for the price of 100¢. It was issued at New York, July 31st, 1790, to Samuel Hopkins of Philadelphia, for an improvement in making potash and pearlash, and is written on parchment in a round old-fashioned hand, being signed by George Washington, and certified by E. Randolph, as conformable to the Act of Congress to promote the useful arts, while its delivery to the grantee is certified by Thomas Jefferson with the seal of the United States.

A LEAP-YEAR BALL was recently given in Washington, the New York *Hour* tells, as where the ordinary usages at balls were completely reversed. Thus a gentleman received his guests, one of the chief ladies of the entertainment called for the principal gentleman visitor, presented him with a bouquet and escorted him to the ball, the ladies throughout the evening inviting the gentlemen to dance and escorting them back to their seats. Most of the gentlemen wore very low waistcoats with bouquets in front, and had lace ruffles at their throats and wrists, while many of them carried bouquets and often held them upside down.

AN OLD FLEMISH VILLAGE OF THE TIME OF TENIERS will probably be reproduced in the Brussels Zoological Gardens during the Independence *fêtes* of this year. The cottages will be occupied by seeming peasants of the period, who will follow the customs and habits of the seventeenth century, while a musical *concours* will be held, with the old music, instruments, and dances. An enormous concert hall is to be erected adjoining the Gardens, where a three days' festival will take place, while representative Belgian dramas will be played at the theatre. The historical procession has not yet been definitely arranged, but a special journal devoted to the preparations and plans for the *fête* (*L'Illustration Nationale*) has been brought out.

HORSESHOES are the most fashionable ornaments in American society just now, and scarcely a house is to be found in New York or Baltimore without one of these emblems of good luck hung over the doors or the mirrors. Transatlantic belles wear them in gold, silver, or diamonds, monster floral horseshoes ornament the walls at fashionable weddings, while each groomsmen wears a gold horseshoe pin studded with diamonds. Note paper displays the same design, and even cakes assume the favourite shape. The fashion was first set by a Baltimore beauty who, when out riding with her lover, saw a horseshoe in the road, and, picking it up as a good omen, had it mounted in gold as a keepsake. Another fashionable freak in New York is the establishment of "Parisian evenings," at which French conversation only is permitted.

THE NEW SERIES OF EXCAVATIONS at Olympia are being successfully conducted by the German Commission, although in the third week in January the work was much interrupted by frequent and heavy downpours of rain. Among other objects discovered are numerous fragments hitherto missing in the Metope reliefs, a deeply carved stone representing a very antique picture of a lion, the first specimen of the kind hitherto found; further a head of the younger Faustina, which exactly fits a torso unearthed some time ago. Among the foundations of the Temple of Hera there have been dug up a large number of very ancient votive offerings in bronze and terra-cotta. On the western side of the Altis a gateway leading to the north has been brought to light, and numerous new discoveries of remains of buildings have been laid bare near the Byzantine church.

THE DAILY LIFE OF CELEBRITIES is always attractive to their admirers, and a German writer has now described Count Moltke at home. As befits a soldier, the great strategist strictly adheres to routine, and rarely changes his way of living from day to day. He is in his plainly-furnished study by 7 A.M., where he takes coffee and a cigar, and works till his letters arrive at nine o'clock. These read and answered, he dons his uniform by eleven, when he breakfasts, receives his adjutants, and writes till two o'clock, the hour for receiving the chiefs of the different sections of the general Staff, after which he walks or rides, coming home to a quiet family dinner. From five to seven he writes again, and spends the next hour reading the newspapers, this occupation concluding his work. Count Moltke then joins his family at tea, plays whist—a game in which he excels—hears a little music, and goes to rest punctually at eleven.

LONDON MORTALITY considerably increased again last week, and 3,376 deaths were registered against 2,200 during the previous seven days, an increase of 976, being 1,657 above the average, and at the rate of 48 per 1,000. This is the highest number of deaths registered in any week since the cholera epidemics of 1849, 1854, and 1866. There were 13 from small-pox (an increase of 2), 34 from measles (an increase of 1), 66 from scarlet fever (a decline of 4), 6 from diphtheria (a decline of 10), 23 from different forms of fever (an increase of 4), 11 from diarrhoea (an increase of 6), and 1,557 from diseases of the respiratory organs (exceeding the average by 1,118). The fatal cases of bronchitis alone rose from 531 to 1,223. There were 2,684 births registered against 2,436 during the previous week. The mean temperature was 38.8 deg., or 1.7 deg. below the average. There were 10.9 hours of bright sunshine, the sun being 64.9 hours above the horizon. The recorded figure, therefore, was equal to 17 per cent. of its possible duration.





THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—HER MAJESTY ON HER WAY TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS





**AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.**—The Greek and Montenegrin difficulties are once again to the fore, both questions are occupying the attention of the Powers, and will probably be relegated for settlement to International Commissions. This is eminently the case with Greece, as, after many months of protracted negotiations with the Porte, no result whatever has been obtained, and the feeling between the two countries, never at any time too cordial, has become dangerously embittered. Thus France, which since the Congress has taken Hellenic interests especially under her wing, having communicated with the various other Powers, and with England in particular, steps are being taken for some form of collective mediation. This, leaving, where possible, political considerations on one side, would provide Greece—not with a fancy historic frontier, as the worthy Hellenes doubtless desire, but with a reasonable extension of their military line of defence. With regard to the Montenegrin difficulty, also, equally fruitless results have been obtained by the direct negotiations between the two nations concerned for the exchange of Gusinje for Kucka-Krajna. Now this question is a matter of no importance in itself to Europe in general, which is only anxious to secure a speedy and pacific solution to all such controversies, and the Powers are stated to be completely agreed as to the advisability of the plan proposed by Major Sales, the British Delegate in the Commission of Delimitation—that the Montenegrins should retain Gusinje, which having once occupied they are reluctant to give up, the Turks receiving in return the territory of Kucka-Krajna—so that, in all probability, the collective force of four of the Powers will be brought upon the Porte to secure its assent to the proposition, while though at present Italy and Russia hold aloof from active intervention it is not expected that they will offer any opposition.

From Turkey itself there is little news. At Constantinople every one is in a chronic state of impecuniosity, and yet every one seems to be able to secure a living by some means or other, though there is an immense amount of misery—officers being compelled to earn their livelihood as porters, and even the sacred pigeons of the Bayazid mosque being killed by the Faithful for food. The gas was cut off one night from the Pera streets, but the Municipality managed to find the money by the next evening. A more serious announcement, however, is that the Ottoman Bank has again declined to pay the salaries of the Turkish Representatives abroad. In political circles little is stirring, the absence of a Russian Ambassador having apparently given Sir Henry Layard a little breathing time. M. Noviloff, however, the new Muscovite Representative, is shortly expected to arrive. Sir Henry Layard and Lady Layard have dined with the Sultan, three of his children being also present.—A terrible accident occurred on Sunday at Beykoi through the falling in of some barracks, by which 200 soldiers are reported to have been killed and 300 wounded.

**FRANCE.**—The Carnival of 1886 has passed over almost unnoticed, probably owing to the extremely early date on which it has fallen, and to the depression which has been caused by the hard winter. Some few festivities in honour of Mardi Gras certainly took place, but the masquers on the Boulevards on Tuesday evening only consisted of a few children, who were speedily driven indoors by the rain. The Carnival apart, there has been a general dull time prevailing in France this week, the only political excitement being the refusal of the Chamber to give Admiral Jauréguiberry a sum of 32,000*l.* for colonial fortifications. It was at first announced that the Minister would resign, but his anger now appears to have evaporated. As usual in dull times at home, the papers have been looking abroad for topics, and have been discussing foreign affairs. The German armaments have been a fruitful topic for them, but it is pointed out by the *Armée Française* that even with the additions proposed by the new Bill the numerical superiority of the German infantry will be only 27,000 men; while a writer in the *France*, in comparing the armaments of the two countries, draws conclusions by no means unfavourable to his own country. England also is the subject of many leading articles, which treat of all manner of subjects, from the Queen's Speech and the Liverpool Election (which the *Temps* chronicles as a *quasi*-victory for the Liberals, as they polled 8,000 votes more than in 1874, while the Conservatives only figured with an increase of 5,300) to the distress in Ireland (towards the relief of which the *Univers* has forwarded 40*l.*); the unsatisfactory relations between British and French consular agents in the East, which the *République Française* urgently pleads should be rendered more friendly; and the proposed erection of the Prince Imperial's statue in Westminster Abbey, at which the Republican journals express renewed astonishment, remarking that whatever pity the Prince's death might have excited, the subsequent disclosure of his fixed purpose of a hostile landing in France should have dictated the abandonment of so "ostentatious a memorial to an enemy of a friendly Government."—To return to French matters proper, M. de Broca, the candidate of the Left, has been elected to the vacant life senatorship, but another vacancy has occurred through the death of M. Crémieux, a member of the 1848 Government, and Minister of Justice in the September 4th Ministry. The result of the recent railway accident appears to have been more serious than had at first been thought. Thirteen persons in all have been killed, while the official list of injured numbers sixty-nine. The horrors of the accident have been enhanced by the heartless robbery of some of the bodies by some unprincipled scoundrels, who took advantage of the fog and the confusion to rifle the victims. Amongst the killed was the secretary to the Queen of Spain, while the well-known actor, M. Jolly, has been seriously hurt. In consequence the theatrical managers have become suddenly alarmed, and have requested their leading actors and actresses to live for the future in the city itself.

From PARIS, save for the half-hearted Carnival festivities, there is little news. There has been a good fat cattle show, and there have been two first representations, one at the Palais Royal, a "folly," in three acts, entitled *Une Corbeille de Noces*, at which M. Sarcey declares in the *Temps* "even a carabineer would blush;" the other, an historical drama, at the Chateau d'Eau, by M. Léon Jonathan, entitled *La Convention Nationale*, in which such Republican heroes as Danton, Robespierre, Marat, and St. Just figure conspicuously. At the Opera Comique, Auber's *Macon* has been revived with tolerable success; but the great musical event is the reappearance to-day, after many years, of Madame Adelina Patti.

In the provinces there has been a grand Legitimist banquet at Rennes, at which the usual address to Henry V. was drawn up and signed. It is now hoped that all danger of the country round Saumur being inundated has been averted. The ice in the Loire is now fast breaking up. The official returns of the cost to France of the Franco-Prussian War have just been published—viz., War expenses, 52,600,000*l.*; indemnity to Germany, 212,600,000*l.*; sustenance of German troops, 13,600,000*l.*; indemnities to the invaded departments, 58,048,000*l.*; loss of revenue during the war, and of revenue of Alsace-Lorraine, 80,960,000*l.*; reconstitution of war material, 85,760,000*l.*; military pensions, &c., 52,514,000*l.*; rough total, 557,000,000*l.*

**GERMANY.**—Church and State have been the chief theme of discussion in the Prussian Diet, and it is evident that the Bismarck

Ultramontane Alliance cannot last for an indefinite period, unless, indeed, the Pope can be induced to recognise the authority of the Maylaws, which the Government have generally been chary of completely enforcing. There was a sharp skirmish regarding the proposed grant of a salary to the Old Catholic Bishop, which the Ultramontanes violently opposed; but Herr von Puttkammer at once put his foot down by declaring that such a provision was in accordance with the law. It may be seen, therefore, that in the forthcoming Session of the German Parliament, which, by the way, will not be opened by the Emperor but by Prince Bismarck—some sharp conflicts may be expected between the various parties, and it is not unlikely that Prince Bismarck may return to the arms of his old love, the National Liberals, though Dr. Lasker, who so irritated the Prince by his hostility, is still a member of the Reichstag. Amongst other new measures that the Prince will introduce during the Session will be a "Defence Tax," to be imposed upon all those who fall within the exemptions from military service, practically an annual tax of 1*l.* for every 250*l.* of income. The proceeds of this tax will be applied towards the extra expense incurred by the increased armaments, which it is expected will be entirely covered by this means.

The Queen's Speech has excited general comment in the German Press, not so much for the document itself, which is pronounced duly satisfactory, but as a pretext for discussing the political prospects of the Conservatives, in whose success Germany is declared to be greatly interested, as "there is no doubt on which side lie at the present moment the interests of Germany and the best hopes for a general peace in Europe." There has been great jubilation respecting the intentions of the Swiss Government to erect some new forts on the French frontier, and the Government organ, the *Post*, has published a long article, detailing the difficulties which the French would encounter should they attempt to invade Germany by any other route, and it is again declared that Great Britain would protect the neutrality of Belgium. Certainly the Germans are leaving no stone unturned to make their house as secure as possible. In the mean time the relations between France and Germany are as cordial as could be desired, and the Comte de St. Vallier has consented to retain the Berlin Embassy.

In the final sentence of the Court of Inquiry into the loss of the *Grosser Kurfürst*, Admiral Batsch is blamed, but is also excused on account of his zeal for the efficiency of his crew.

**RUSSIA.**—The forthcoming jubilee of the Czar, it is said, will not unlikely be made the occasion of an endeavour to effect some species of reconciliation with the Poles. In the mean time there are no signs of abatement of internal disaffection, and it is a significant fact that although two months have elapsed since the attempt upon the Czar's life, no trace of the culprits have been discovered, while the assassins and would-be assassins of General Trepoff, Baron Heeking, Colonel Knoop, Mezentoff, Krapotkin, and Drenteln, three only have been captured, one, Vera Sassulitch, being tried, acquitted, and is now abroad, out of danger of further arrest. In order to combat the Nihilists on their own ground, the Russian Government have determined to start a paper under the editorship of Professor Tsitowitsch, who now occupies the chair of Civil Law in the University of Odessa. Three representatives of the English Press, wishing to inspect the premises where a secret press had been found at St. Petersburg, were arrested by the police, taken before a Commissioner, and then sent to General Zourof, the chief of police, who at once released them. Another printing press was discovered on the 7th inst. in the Wassili Ostrow, as also numerous copies of a Revolutionary journal, entitled the *Black Distribution of Land*, together with several blank and forged passports.

**UNITED STATES.**—Mr. Parnell and his "mission" have been completely eclipsed by the energetic action of the *New York Herald*, which in a few days has raised a fund for Irish relief to the amount of over 28,000*l.* On Sunday no fewer than 16,500 persons had subscribed, while contributions are flowing in from all parts of the country. The princely donation of the *Herald* itself has excited unusual admiration and approbation, and it is probable that with the exception of the Roman Catholic fund all money intended for Ireland will be sent to the *Herald*. The aggregate amount of the American contributions amounted on Wednesday to 88,000*l.*

**SOUTH AFRICA.**—The opening of the Cape Parliament is announced for May 7th, when the Premier announces that he will submit proposals for railway extension and a conference of all the South African Colonies on Confederation. The railway from Cape Town to Beaufort West, 338 miles long, was opened last week by Sir Bartle Frere with the usual festivities.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—In ITALY there are fresh reports about the extension of the *Italia Irredenta* party, and the first number of that Society's official journal has appeared. It is entitled *L'Italia degli Italiani*, and contains amongst other things the statutes of the Society, which last August were signed by Garibaldi, Imbriani, and Avezzana; while it declares the object of the Society to be the annexation of all Italian territory under foreign domination.—In SPAIN, Otero, who attempted to assassinate the King, has been tried and condemned to death.—In AUSTRIA some consternation has been created in the Reichsrath by the action of the Clerical party, which has presented a petition for the re-establishment of clerical influence in the public schools. In consequence, the Government will probably take care to appoint a Minister of Public Worship from some other party, and the old feud between Church and State will break out afresh.—In SWITZERLAND the severe cold continues, and last week was more intense than has been known since the winter of 1830.—From CYPRUS, the *Daily News* correspondent gives us very melancholy news: the cattle plague is increasing, the crops in the Famagusta district are very poor and backward, there is a terrible dearth of forage, and the cattle are dying of starvation, while the seed barley distributed by the Government is being sold by the peasantry to pay the taxes.—Official reports of the terrible hurricane in the PHILIPPINE ISLANDS state that twenty-five ships, including four foreign frigates, were destroyed, and forty-six persons drowned.—In AUSTRALIA the Victorian Parliament has been dissolved, and the new elections fixed for the 28th inst., and in Queensland the revenue is declared to be increasing from Customs and other duties, while trade is stated to be improving.—In INDIA another outrage, this time unsuccessful, has been attempted by the Nagas—namely, a surprise of the native guard near Samagusting. An expedition has been despatched to punish the authors of the raid upon the Baladhun Tea Plantation.



The Queen and the Princess Beatrice have returned to the Isle of Wight, where they remain until Thursday next, when Her Majesty comes to London to hold the first Drawing Room of the season, going afterwards to Windsor for a few weeks. On Sunday morning Divine Service was performed at Osborne before the Queen and the Princess, the Rev. G. Connor officiating, and next day Her Majesty gave audience to Earl Beauchamp, Lord Steward, who presented the Address from the House of Lords in reply to the Queen's Speech. Princess Beatrice drove to Ryde in the afternoon. Tuesday was the fortieth anniversary of the Queen's marriage with the Prince Consort.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday presided at a meeting of his Council, while Princess Christian, who had been staying with the Prince and Princess, left Marlborough House for Windsor. Next morning the Prince and Princess and their three daughters attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and on Monday the Prince and Princess visited Mr. Boehm's studio to inspect his model of the monument to Prince Louis Napoleon, going afterwards to Miss Thompson's studio. In the evening they accompanied Princess Frederica of Hanover to the Monday Popular Concerts. On Tuesday the Prince went to the Sunbury Race Meeting, and in the evening accompanied the Princess to Her Majesty's Theatre.—The Prince and Princess will go to Truro in Whitsun week for the Prince to lay the foundation stone of Truro Cathedral on May 20th, and during their visit they will stay with Viscount Falmouth at Tregothlan.—The Prince's hunting stud has been sent to Windsor from Sandringham.

The Duke of Edinburgh went to Sheerness on a visit of inspection on Monday, visiting the *Lively* and the quarters of the coast-guardsmen.—The Princess Louise has returned to Ottawa, where she was welcomed by a military parade.—Prince Leopold has gone to Claremont.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, together with Princess Henry of the Netherlands, paid a visit to Windsor Castle on Wednesday, going over the State and private apartments, the Albert Memorial Chapel, and St. George's Chapel.

The ex-Empress Eugénie starts for Zululand in the *German* on the 25th prox., accompanied by the Marquis de Bassano, Sir Evelyn and Lady Wood, and the two English servants of Prince Louis Napoleon. She will arrive at Durban at the end of April, and will so time her visit as to reach the scene of the Prince's death on the anniversary and at the exact time of his fall. Leaving Africa again on June 3rd, she will stay a few hours on her way at St. Helena, and is expected at Chislehurst by July 26th.—The Empress of Austria had her first day with the hounds last week at Batterstown, and was again out with the same pack on Monday, when she was thrown from her horse, regaining her saddle again in a moment. There is a rumour of the marriage of her son the Crown Prince Rudolph with the Princess Mathilde, eldest daughter of Prince George of Saxony, brother to the King.—The Empress of Russia, with the Duchess of Edinburgh, reached St. Petersburg at the end of last week, and is stated not to have materially suffered from the journey.



THE CANTERBURY CONVOCATION was formerly opened at Westminster on Friday by the Primate in pursuance of Her Majesty's writ, but was immediately adjourned until the 20th April, when it will meet for the despatch of business. The York Convocation also met on the same day, and was prorogued till March 5, when it will be further prorogued till April 13.

**TWO WAYS OF PUTTING IT.**—An Ohio paper having stated that "the Anglican Church cost England 58,000,000 dollars a year," Bishop Bedell writes to the editor that the Church of England is entirely supported by its own property, and that the fair way to put the case is that "the Church of England supplies religious privilege and pastoral care to the people freely, at a cost of 58,000,000 dollars per year."

A NEW SAILORS' CHURCH AT BRISTOL built at the cost of Mr. Lavington, a merchant of that city, was on Tuesday opened by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. It stands in Prince Street, close to the docks, and its erection cost 4,500*l.*

THE POPE has sent a donation of 10,000 lire (400*l.*) for the relief of the poor in Ireland, the sum being divided into four equal parts, one of which is sent to each of the Irish Archbishops. Mgr. Kirby, Rector of the Irish College in Rome, through whom the money is sent, says:—"The amount is only a drop of water compared with the ocean of the prevailing distress in Ireland. But it is large compared with the difficult and trying financial circumstances of His Holiness, and is a proof of the truly paternal solicitude and affection which he bears to his Irish children, and especially to the afflicted poor who are the sufferers in the present calamity."

CARDINAL MANNING'S LENTEN PASTORAL was read in all the churches of his diocese last Sunday. In it he refers to the distress and pauperism of the lower classes, and the growth of luxury and self-indulgence among the wealthy at home; to the wallike rumours in Europe and the spread of Anti-Christian principles; "politics without religion, science without faith, education without Christianity, and faith without God;" and urges the necessity of penitence and humiliation.



CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—The production of an English version of *Lohengrin*, from the pen of Mr. J. P. Jackson, to whom we are also indebted for the *Flying Dutchman* and *Rienzi*, has afforded Herr Schott an opportunity of in some measure redeeming his quasi-failure on the occasion of his *d'but* at Her Majesty's Theatre. The German tenor is more at home as the mythic Knight of the Swan than as the patriotic Roman Tribune. The music is not only better suited to his voice, but seems to strain it less severely, and though, in the closing scene, there were signs of fatigue, which imperilled justness of intonation (in no circumstances Herr Schott's strong point), he reached the end with little difficulty, and may lay claim to a fair vocal success. If he could divest himself of the habit of forcing his voice in the higher register, for the sake of effects which, on that account, are seldom realised, his phrasing would be more uniformly well balanced, his intonation under easier control, and his climaxes satisfactory in proportion. With regard to Herr Schott's histrionic embodiment of Wagner's cloud-descended hero, it must suffice to add that his imposing presence and stereotypically measured gestures become the character well, while he maintains throughout a certain placid dignity. More than this need not—and indeed cannot, truthfully—be said. We are perpetually reminded of the fact that *Lohengrin* is not of this world, but comes from another sphere; and herein consists the sum total of Herr Schott's acting, if acting it may be styled. Miss Gaylord does enough with Elsa to justify a belief that, as her charming talent ripens, she will do still more. What she has chiefly to acquire is repose—the quality above all essential to an adequate presentment of that ideal personage—the purest and loftiest of Wagner's visionary heroines. Miss Gaylord has evidently studied *con amore* both the vocal and dramatic requirements of the part; but she has yet to obtain the full poetic grasp of it—a privilege hitherto vouchsafed to only a few of the "elect." Earnest in all she attempts, this young and prepossessing artist is not likely to hold back for want of enthusiasm; but there are certain conditions indispensable to perfect art, only to be mastered with the aid of experience and unremitting



study. That, health and strength permitting, Miss Gaylord is destined to master them, may safely be taken for granted. Even now her first scene, where the wrongly accused Elsa awaits the advent of the champion of her dreams, is instinctively felt and eloquently expressed; while in the great duet of the nuptial chamber, where Elsa vainly entreates her mystic bridegroom to disclose the secret of his name and birth, exhibits unquestionable dramatic power. Miss Josephine Yorke's Ortrud was on the whole a performance almost unreservedly to be commended. The character is forbidding, and no little depends upon the good taste of its representative to make it even tolerably acceptable. The music, written most awkwardly for the voice, lies now high now low, and with, truly Wagnerian despotism, taxes the endurance of the singer to the bitter end. Miss Yorke, however (and it is to be hoped with ultimate impunity), spared no endeavour to impart the desired effect to each declamatory passage, and it was fortunate for her that the long and prolix duet with Telramundo was here and there accomodatingly curtailed. In Mr. Ludwig she found a congenial Telramundo, with little wanting but an occasional reticence—or husbanding of means. Telramundo is about as repulsive a personage as the designing sorcerer herself, and there is no redeeming point in the music assigned to either of them. In the duet just referred to, the idea of Weber in convulsions repeatedly obtrudes itself. Wagner, here realistic to a degree (as subsequently in the *Ring des Nibelungen*—witness Alberich, Mime, Hagen, &c.), seems to labour under the impression that, if his personages are ugly, their music must be ugly too. Weber, however, in *Der Freischütz*, Beethoven in *Fidelio*, and Meyerbeer in *Robert le Diable*, have shown in their treatment respectively of Caspar, Pizarro, and Bertrand, personages as uninviting as any in Wagner's operas, that however characteristically suggestive the music with which they have to deal, it remains pure music all the same; and thus art is allowed to vindicate its high mission as ideal purifier. Returning to the performance of *Lohengrin*—there is only to add that the subordinate parts of the King and Herald were more or less adequately sustained by Messrs. Conly and Crotty; and that the general performance, choral and orchestral, under the able direction of Signor Randegger, was so nearly up to the Wagnerian mark that (despite profuse and not always judicious "cuts") it would have satisfied to a certain extent that least easily satisfied of dramatic composers, Herr Wagner himself. Meanwhile, the operatic public is anxiously expecting the promised English version of Verdi's *Aida*, with Miss Minnie Hauk as the Ethiopian Princess. Mr. Carl Rosa, we are informed, has greatly profited in health by his sojourn at Nice. He will not, however, direct any performance at Her Majesty's Theatre during the present season. In Signor Randegger and Mr. Pew, however, he has deputies to relieve him from all anxiety.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The opening concert of the 68th season brought a very large assembly of amateurs to St. James's Hall, and the constant patrons of this time-honoured society appeared more than satisfied with the programme. It was a programme, indeed, both varied in detail and interesting as a whole. Mr. Walter Macfarren's overture, *Hero and Leander*, which began the concert, and the late Herrman Goetz's *Frühlings* overture, which ended it, were both welcome, as virtually new to the ordinary Philharmonic audience. The first, however, had already been heard at Mr. Kuhe's Brighton Festival, for which it was expressly written; the last at the Crystal Palace Concerts and elsewhere. Each in its way is noticeable for not going over old and repeatedly trodden paths. Of the other orchestral piece, Beethoven's Symphony in A, it would be supererogatory to speak. "Hats off!"—as Robert Schumann said to a select circle of intimate friends, when about to introduce them to something of much inferior calibre; "Hats off to a genius!" Good. That Beethoven was a genius his Seventh Symphony would alone suffice to prove. If ever, on the other hand, "virtuosity" touched its furthest limits, it was in the work that immediately succeeded the preliminary overture. Signor Piatti's Concerto in D minor, for violoncello with orchestral accompaniments, is a masterpiece of its kind—not only to be esteemed for the opportunities of display afforded to an executant who knows not difficulties, but as a composition purely musical, ingeniously designed, and admirably wrought out. The concerto would please in less consummate skilled hands than those of its author, but rendered as it is by Signor Piatti himself the effect stops little short of the marvellous. What a pity that Mendelssohn did not live to accomplish his cherished idea of writing a concerto for this greatest of all violoncellists! Signor Piatti has never played more finely than on the present occasion—to say which is equivalent to saying that finer playing on any instrument is barely possible. And such, to judge by their enthusiastic applause, was the unanimous opinion of the audience. Another brilliant and thoroughly merited success was obtained by Madame Montigny Rémaury in Schumann's piano-forte Concerto (A minor), a piece with which the gifted and popular French artist has fairly identified herself, so completely does she always enter into its innermost meaning, and with such consummate facility make sport, as it were, of its many technical difficulties. Madame Rémaury's performance was irreproachable from end to end, and the most devoted worshipper of Schumann could hardly have felt otherwise than satisfied. Thus a fresh laurel was added to the brow of a pianist who has gathered laurels everywhere, and, what is more, deserved them. The singer at this concert was Miss Robertson, who, in an air from Weber's *Inez de Castro* and the *Valse* added by Gounod ("pour les beaux yeux d'Adeline Patti") to the opening scene of his *Romeo et Juliette*, at our Royal Italian Opera, by her fresh voice and facile execution, made a highly favourable impression. Mr. W. G. Cusins was, as usual, the conductor; and it must be added that, under his direction, the symphony, overtures, and accompaniments to the concertos offered but rare occasions for adverse criticism. Mr. Cusins, who has been at the helm ever since the secession of the late Sterndale Bennett, is too good a musician not to have made the best of his long experience.

**WAIFS.**—Madame Trebelli, the accomplished contralto of Her Majesty's Theatre, is engaged to sing with Madame Adeline Patti at the performances of Italian Opera in Paris, which commence this evening at the Gaité. So lively is the interest taken by the Parisians in these representations that every place has already been bespoken for the entire series. The conductors are Signors Vianesi and Bevnigani; the opera selected for the opening night is *La Traviata*. Madame Trebelli, whose engagement begins on the 24th inst., is to sing with Patti in the *Trovatore*, *Semiramide*, and *Linda di Chamouni*.—Dr. Hans von Bülow has left England for the Continent, but will return towards the end of April.—Auber's charming opera, *Le Maçon* (one of his earliest and most legitimate successes), has been revived at the Opéra Comique, to the satisfaction of all lovers of genuine healthy music. The star of the great master of the French lyric drama seems again to be in the ascendant. His *Musette de Portici*, restored, after long delay, to its legitimate place at the Grand Opéra, is now, as we had anticipated, one of the most attractive stock-pieces of the repertory; while no fewer than three of his works are in constant request at the theatre in the Rue Feydeau. Melody has again resumed its sway. This is as it should be, in Paris as elsewhere, and it only wants a grand revival of *Gustave III.* to "crown the edifice."—An extraordinary sensation has been produced at Manchester by the performance, in the Free Trade Hall, under Mr. Charles Hallé's direction, of Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*. Mr. Hallé ventures upon more important novelties than all our London societies put together. He is to come to London in the spring and give some orchestral performances in St. James's Hall, where, if we are not greatly mistaken, he will hold

his own against Herr Richter and the "scratch" orchestra that eminent Viennese conductor (as during last summer) may be able to collect from all parts.—Signor Randegger was the *chef d'orchestre* at the last concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society (Tuesday night), Sir Julius Benedict being detained in London to conduct the performance of his opera, *The Lily of Killarney*, at Her Majesty's Theatre.—Madame Norman Neruda made her last appearance for the season at the Popular Concert of Monday.



**THE TURF.**—At last the second half of the steeplechase and hurdleracing season has commenced, Kempton Park, after one postponement, having reopened the ball on Tuesday last. Fair weather for the time of year, the presence of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the attendance of a whole host of supporters of the Turf, wearied out with long and enforced inaction, caused the meeting to open with great spirit, while the number of horses which competed in the different events was truly surprising considering the difficulties which their trainers must have experienced in bringing them to the post in anything like condition. It cannot, however, be said that quality was particularly well represented; nor is this to be wondered at, as owners and trainers do not care to hurry first-class animals in their preparation. Luckpenny, who was thought likely to win a big handicap on the flat last year, took the Maiden Hunters' Hurdlerace, and old Tynemouth the Walton Steeplechase, and Mr. Yates was to the fore with Jupiter II. for the Middlesex. But the most fortunate owner was Lord Marcus Beresford, who took the February Hurdlerace with the new addition to his stable, Sign Manual, and followed up his success on the following day by securing the Kempton Hurdles with the same animal, and the Sunbury Handicap with old Chimney Sweep. The success of the meeting was undeniable, while good sport has been had at Lincoln and Birmingham in cross-country affairs, sporting men of all grades being heartily glad to be out in the fields once more.—It will be heard with regret that the veteran trainer T. S. Dawson continues very seriously ill.—With regret also the news will be received that Mr. Cartwright, the great patron of the Wroughton stable, has retired from the Turf, it being stated that a prominent French sportsman has purchased for 30,000*l.* all his horses in training, brood mares, yearlings, and foals.—*Apropos* of the recent Liverpool election, a daily contemporary printed the following among other items of the Turf market:—"Betting on the Liverpool Grand National: 3 to 1 agst Home Ruler, by Irish Rebel—Canny Scot, dam Gladstone."

**COURSING.**—The near advent of the great Waterloo meeting invests coursing gatherings at this time with special interest, but still at the Ridgway Club Meeting there was little in the running which afforded a tip to those who wanted one. Lord Haddington's kennel, strongly represented on the occasion, fairly ran up to expectation, his Lordship dividing the Peel Stakes with his puppy Hornpipe, and two of his dogs left in the fourth round of the Lancashire Stakes. Mr. T. D. Hornby won the Clifton Cup with Hagar, and Mr. Briggs the Lytham Cup with Brian.—The Plumptre Meeting near Brighton attracted as usual, this week, a large attendance; but was uneventful, except for the defeat of Granboro, destined to run in the Waterloo Cup for Mr. F. Graves, to whom has been allotted the return nomination of Lord Lurgan.—There has not been much change in the Waterloo market, but Lord Haddington has again supplanted Mr. Wilkins, who is about equal second favourite with Mr. Miller. The latter gentleman's Misterton, last year's winner, is said to have done all that was wanted of him in a trial, as also has Mr. Reilly's Lady Lizzie, and it is probable we shall not see much change in the position of the leading favourites. We do not deal in vaticination, but there is no denying the fact that Lord Haddington's wonderfully strong kennel will be hard to beat next week, and that the Scotch nobleman has a rare chance of being recompensed for his ill luck last year, and doing something more than running second, as he did with Bendimere, just ten years ago.

**FOOTBALL.**—The Association Cup is now in its fourth round, and West-End has been beaten, five goals to one, by the Old Etonians, who seem still more likely than ever to retain their hold on the Cup.—The Birmingham Association, which early in the season beat London by two goals to one, has won the return match by five to two at Aston Lower Grounds, where 8,000 persons manfully stood out in the rain throughout the contest. The annual Rugby Union Match between Surrey and Middlesex was played at Richmond on Monday last, resulting after a well-contested game in a victory for the former by a goal and a try to a goal.

**AQUATICS.**—The long anticipated race between Elliott and Boyd for the Championship of England was decided on the Tyne on Monday last. Suffice it to say that Boyd proved himself the better man, winning easily by several lengths, though to the credit of Elliott it must be said that he put on several magnificent spurts, and rowed most pluckily a stern chase. Boyd's victory has been telegraphed to Hanlan, and probably he and the Canadian will come together. In the meanwhile Boyd will row Hawdon, of Delaval, for 100*l.* a-side, the latter receiving four boat lengths' start.—Both at Oxford and Cambridge changes have been made as to the strokes of the respective Putney crews, a fact which many old Blues will deprecate. On Ash Wednesday both crews as usual had a holiday, and the next day went into strict training; and so probably within the next few days we shall know who for certain will be at the important eighth thwart in each crew.

**PEDESTRIANISM.**—The Long-Distance Championship of England Match will commence at the Agricultural Hall on Monday next, "Blower" Brown, Hazael, and Day being the contestants. The three men are said to be in the best fettle, and the admirers of each confident as to the result.



**THE TURF INSURANCE FRAUDS.**—It will be remembered that about five years ago two men named Walters and Murray, who had been committed for trial for being concerned in a fraudulent scheme of "insurance against losses on the Turf," absconded from their bail. Both evaded capture until last week, when the police arrested Walters on a charge of forging a cheque on the Bank of England. A woman who claims to be his wife, but who, it is thought, is not married to him, was also arrested as an accessory. At their lodgings were found a number of articles, which Mr. Poland, in opening the case, described as the "stock-in-trade of a wholesale forger": blank cheques, tracing paper, with impressions of cheques, a variety of autograph signatures, cheques for small sums, probably intended to be altered to larger values, chemicals, fine pens, camel's hair pencils, coloured crayons, used, it is thought, to bring up the colour of altered cheques, and a magnifying glass. Both prisoners were taken

before Sir T. Gabriel on Saturday, and remanded, an application that Walters might be allowed to see his wife being refused.

**A WARNING TO RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.**—On Thursday, the 5th inst., the day when the Queen opened Parliament, and when no doubt the "light-fingered gentry" were abroad in great force, the Editor of this journal, after seeing the paper safely to press, proceeded to one of the Metropolitan Stations. He was about to enter a train, when he found himself politely but perseveringly jostled by some four or five well-dressed men, who seemed always around him when he proposed to get into any particular carriage. No suspicion, however, crossed his mind, until after the train had started, when he noticed his watch-chain hanging helplessly down. Then the painful truth flashed on him. Five-and-twenty pounds' worth of gold-watch had been cleverly abstracted from his pocket. He endeavoured to relieve his sorrow by parodying the well-known nursery ditty to the following effect:—

"Pickpocket, pickpocket, where have you been?"  
"To Westminster Palace to see the Queen."  
"Pickpocket, pickpocket, tell us the rest."  
"I drew a watch out of somebody's vest."

To be serious—and we feel, being temporarily watchless, thoroughly serious on this subject—we learn that this species of robbery has of late become very common. Passengers, therefore, about to enter trains should be on their guard, or they may find their watches off their guard.

**A PENITENT THIEF.**—The other day a young man named Hives, who described himself as an hotel porter, gave himself into custody for a highway robbery which he and another man committed at Charlton during the recent fogs. His story is that his companion, whose name is Cooper, knocked down a man in the road, and robbed him of 6*s.* 6*d.*, and after they had made their escape in the fog Cooper gave him 1*s.* 6*d.*, and promised to give him some more. He did not, however, fulfil this promise, and Hives, not being able to find him, and feeling afraid of every policeman he met, thought it better to give himself up. He is remanded for inquiries, no tidings having as yet been received of any robbery in the neighbourhood referred to.

**BURNING A STACK.**—At the Norwich Assizes a labouring man named Walker has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for setting fire to a stack of hay in November last. The case was remarkable as bearing on the question of the admissibility of prisoner's statements, the defence being that the owner of the stack, which was insured for 20*l.*, had employed the prisoner to set fire to it, telling him that if he did so he would give him 30*s.*, and see that he "took no harm." Two witnesses, a woman and a boy, saw him fire the stack, and the woman stated that when she was pointing him out to the owner, the latter "seemed angry at her, as though he did not want to know about it," and patting Walker on the back, said, "Johnny, you are not the man; you did not do it. The man that did it ran away, didn't he?" The jury, however, appear to have entirely disregarded this evidence, for they found Walker guilty, explaining that they did so because he did not make his statement when first brought before the magistrate, and because there was no evidence to substantiate it, two reasons which Lord Justice Bramwell characterised as "excellent," adding that "They had found a right verdict; the prisoner was clearly guilty."

**AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT** the trial of Alexander Schossa, the perpetrator of the outrage at the Italian Church, Hatton Garden, has resulted in his conviction for intent to murder the priest, and he has been sentenced to penal servitude for life.—A young man was sentenced to six months' hard labour for stealing letters from pillar boxes in various parts of London. He had been detected in the act of fishing up letters through the aperture of a box by means of a string and a leaden weight, to which was attached some sticky substance to which the letters adhered.—The trial of James Lewis Paine and Fanny Matthews, who are charged with the wilful murder of Miss M'Lean, has been again postponed until Monday next.—At the Stafford Assizes William Coath, the late cashier of the Patent Shaft and Axletree Company, has been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for defrauding his employers. The defence was that the prisoner neither committed nor intended fraud, though he had made erroneous entries in the books; and Mr. Justice Bowen, in summing up, told the jury that the prosecution need not show the wrongful appropriation of any specific sums. The deficiency, according to the prisoner, had been spent in "bribes" and "commissions" to inspectors of railway companies and others, and it was admitted that sums of 50*l.* and 100*l.* had been so given. There appeared to have been three systems of giving bribes; but all the bribes which had come from the prisoner's account were entered in the books under such heads as "trade expenses," &c. The company was of very high repute, but what could be said of such a system of tampering with the agents of their customers? The right name for such transactions was fraud, and every time a bribe was given an indictable offence was committed.

**A GARDENER EMPLOYED AT DRAYTON MANOR**, the seat of Sir R. Peel, near Tamworth, was the other day prosecuted for stealing a quantity of grapes from the vineries there, which, it was proved, he had packed up, and sent away by rail. He pleaded guilty, and begged for mercy, saying that he had an aged mother to support. The case was dealt with under the Summary Jurisdiction Act, the prisoner being ordered to pay a fine of 5*s.*, besides 10*s.*, the estimated amount of damages, and costs. This he declared himself quite able and willing to do, as he had in his pocket a watch and chain worth that amount. The magistrates remarked that they had a pretty good idea how those things had been procured.

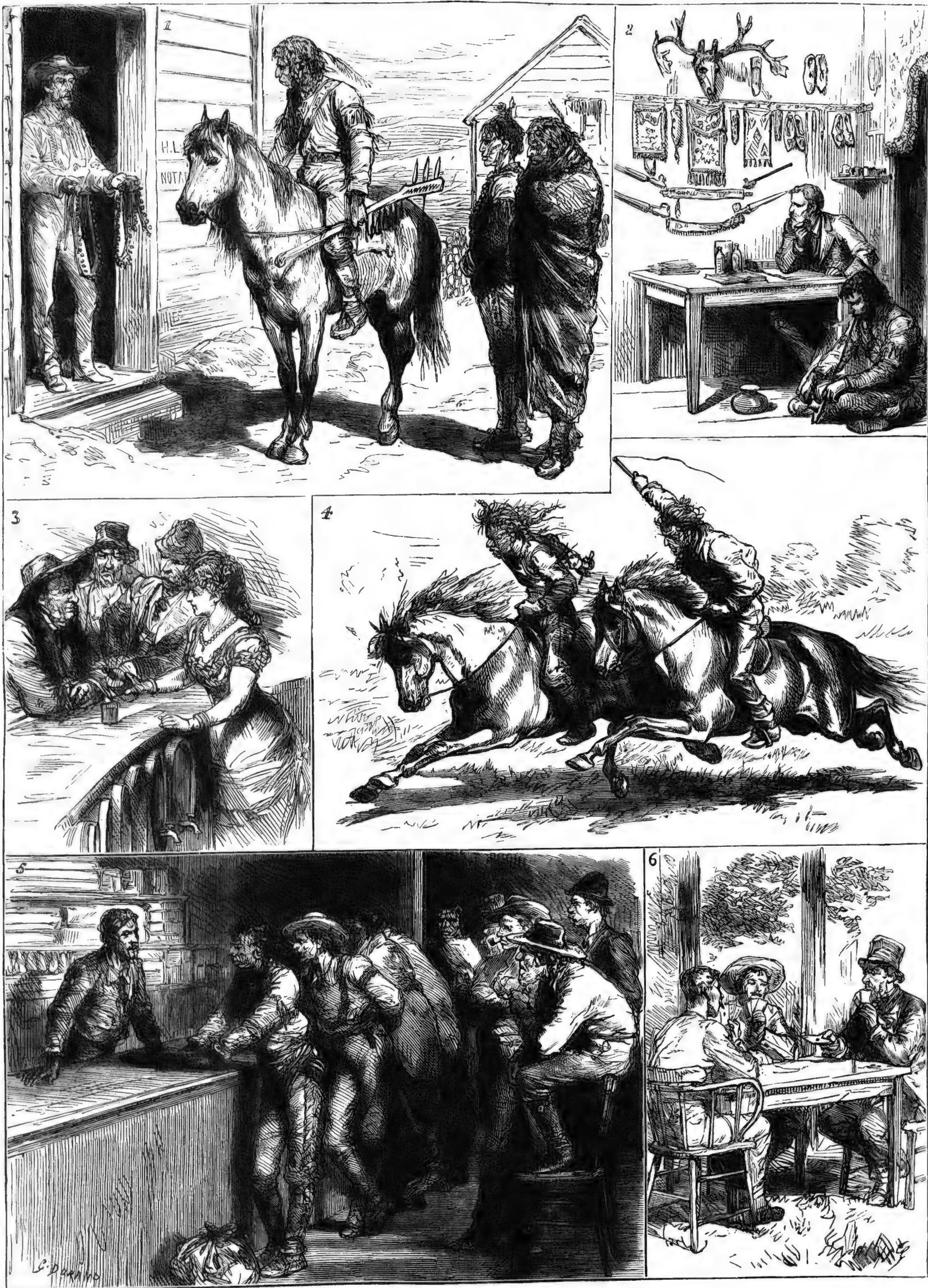
**"JERRY'S" SECRET.**—Assuming that the detestable "Jerry," the original inventor and constructor of that execrable class of tenement technically known as "Jerry-built," to be yet alive, and further taking it for granted that it is really true that ears burn when some one else is talking about them, the aural appendages of the anti-beloved builder should, during the past fortnight, have been well nigh scorched off his iniquitous head. The fogs that have so constantly prevailed have found out the weak places in the shabby edifices even where, being brand new, they have been able passably to withstand such ordeals as the vicissitudes of weather have subjected them to. Warped window-sashes, shrunken doors and door-posts, gaping floor-boards, and ill-trapped drains and "dummy" ventilators have one and all conspired against the unoffending and helpless householder to give admittance to the subtle enemy, and that at times and in places where it is least expected. The result undoubtedly has been a swelling of the heavy account of the illness and death that under a more wholesome and honest state of affairs might have been avoided. Under the most favoured conditions the protracted pestilence of fog that has recently visited us has been hard enough to bear, but in the rubbishing, brick-and-mortar abominations, "run up" in dwelling-house shape by the speculative builder, the suffering and inconvenience has been felt with tenfold severity. Such houses abound in all our suburbs. It would seem that we must bow to the humiliating conclusion that "Jerry" is invincible, and that, despite Building Acts, and sanitary inspectors, and Vestries, and local surveys, it is his delectable intention to make no endeavour to mend his ways, and to do exactly as he pleases as he has always done. By what magic and conjuration he continues to obfuscate the vision of those who are paid to keep a vigilant eye on him, and to bamboozle law and authority generally, are doubtless a secret that the Jerry family guard with jealous care, revealing it only to the sworn and approved of their confederates. It would be an immense public





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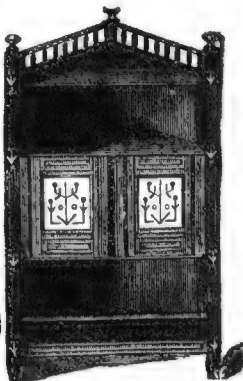
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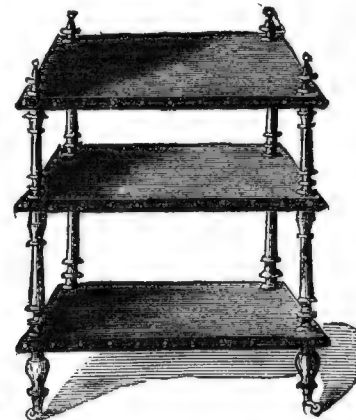


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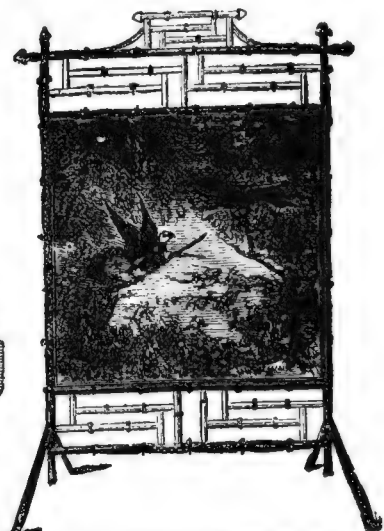


Handsome Early English Cabinet, in black and gold, with painted panels and bevelled glass:

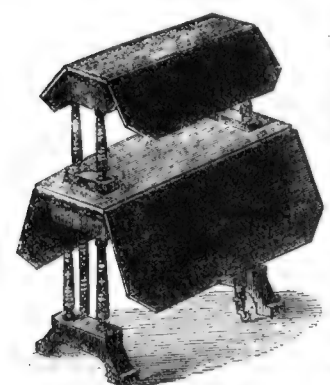
4 ft.	£11 11 0
4 ft. 6 in.	12 12 0
5 ft.	14 14 0



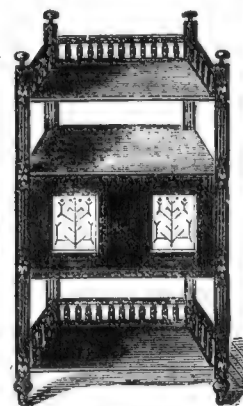
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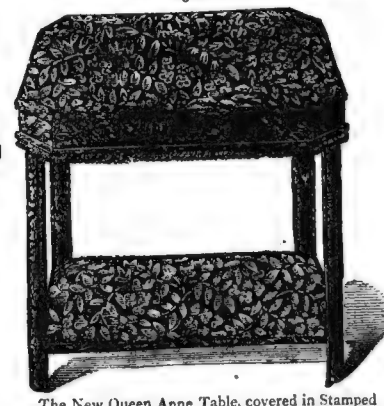
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### AVANT-PROPOS.

It is now some years since all England—indeed, all Europe—rang with what came to be universally talked about at that time as "The Mysterious Case of Lord Brackenbury." I say vaguely "some years ago," because I will not pain the present representatives of a noble family by specifying a precise date. But the affair (bygone though it is, and now almost forgotten) took place at all events within the memory of such as are still comparatively young.

What was it that happened? Where did it happen? What manner of man was this Lord Brackenbury with whose name and fame Rumour was erewhile so busy? Patiently to sift the facts and falsehoods contained in a multitudinous heap of family papers, newspaper-reports, and private correspondence of all kinds; to separate the true from the untrue; to put together, as it were, the mislaid pieces of a puzzle to which no other has as yet discovered the key; to make things past appear as though they were present; to answer the above questions, in short, with such aid of local colour as the story-teller's craft and some acquaintance with the places and events may lend, are the objects which I set before myself in undertaking to work out the following narrative.

### CHAPTER I.

#### LORD BRACKENBURY

A GENTLEMAN standing at the door of the Hotel Feder, over against the Porto Franco of Genoa, paused for a moment at the top of the steps; looked up and down the noisy street; glanced at his watch; then, coming down very deliberately, turned towards the Borsa; threaded his way through the customary crowd of shippers, merchants, and stockbrokers which there most does congregate, and went up the Street of the Goldworkers.

Taken as bullion, there is not much precious metal on view in the Street of the Goldworkers; but as regards display, all the wealth of Chili and Peru would seem to be set forth in that double row of old-fashioned shop-windows glittering with delicate filagree work in rich dead gold and frosted silver. Though the merest gilt gingerbread of jewellery, the products of this ancient and famous handicraft have for centuries kept their fragile hold upon the affections of the fair Genoese. Not a serving-maid, not a *contadina*, not a fisherman's wife within thirty miles of the city, who does not regard the possession of a filagree cross and a pair of filagree earrings as the summit of woman's felicity. Even among the wealthier classes it is an article of faith to regard this exquisite rubbish as the choicest achievement of the goldsmith's art.

Travellers, as a matter of course, are the select victims of shopkeepers in the Strada degli Orefici. Those smiling pirates, lounging watchfully in their doorways, batten upon the many-dollar American and scent the British tourist from afar. They all knew the gentleman from the Hotel Feder. He was spending several weeks in Genoa, and had passed that way some scores of times ere now. Perhaps he had already bought his predestined share of the gingerbread jewellery, and, like the rest of us, had come to the conclusion that it was scarcely good enough to give away, and not worth keeping. Or perhaps he was endowed with superhuman wisdom, and had steeled his soul against it altogether.

Be this as it might, the shopkeepers, though they formulated the customary "Cosa vuole, Signore?" uttered those magic words in a tone that betrayed small hope of sale.

He looked, nevertheless, like a man who might buy. He was young; well-dressed; evidently not in a hurry. A man of perhaps thirty, or from that to thirty-two or thirty-three years of age; tall, square-shouldered, upright; with regular features, large serious grey eyes, a thin-lipped, clean-shaven mouth, and hair and whiskers of a dull, reddish auburn. His dark grey travelling suit (new, but not too new) was well made and well put on. His hat was smoothly brushed. His gloves fitted. Above all, there was in his whole look and bearing that quiet, authoritative gravity which bespeaks conscious superiority. The pirates knew right well that here was the sort of Ingleso who could buy up their whole stock at one stroke of his pen, if it so pleased him.

But it pleased him to do nothing of the kind. It pleased him to stroll very slowly up the Street of the Goldworkers; thence, by certain alleys and by-ways, to make for the great rambling square in which stands the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, with its quaint façade of banded marbles; to mount the steep pitch leading to the Piazza Carlo Felice; and so to pursue his way, by what was in truth a huge *détour*, to the Strada Nuova.

He made the *détour*, however, of set purpose; for he had an engagement in the Strada Nuova this morning for 10 A.M., and he had started so early that it still wanted several minutes to the appointed hour.

Pacing slowly to and fro while waiting for those minutes to go by, he was too full of his own thoughts to note the sombre splendour of this noble street in which every house is a palace and every stone is historical. To those heavily-corniced façades profuse in carven fruits and flowers and coats of arms—to those gloomy porticos beyond which, as if set in frames of ebony or bronze, gleam sunny glimpses of marble courtyards and terraced gardens green with golden-fruited orange-trees—to the play of light and shadow, and the glory of colour, and all those associations that people the beautiful old street with a shadowy pageant of nobles, and merchant-princes, and brave spirits of olden time who went down to the sea in ships—to all this, as to the motley throng which shouldered him upon the narrow footway, he was apparently indifferent.

At length, dropping in one after the other in irregular chorus, the neighbouring clocks gave notice of the hour; whereupon our

Englishman, turning quickly back upon his steps, went in at the *porte cochère* of a huge prison-like building, about half-way along the street. Though the private palazzo of some noble family, the scutcheon and flag-staff of a certain European State on the first-floor balcony, and the names of various bankers, wine-merchants, steam-packet agents and the like, painted on either side of the inner doorway, showed that the house was in part let out for business purposes. Beyond the threshold of this inner door opened a great hall paved with parti-coloured marbles, and a magnificent staircase up which a dozen men might well have marched abreast. An enormous oil-painting commemorative of some senatorial ceremony of old Republican days hung, black with age, at the upper end; while to right and left opened various doors covered with faded red baize, and adorned, like monster coffin-lids, with brass-headed nails and inscribed brass plates.

An eager-eyed, pallid man sitting on a bench beside one of the baize doors aforesaid, rose hurriedly as the new comer crossed the hall.

The Englishman nodded. "That's well, Amico," he said. "Wait here till I send for you." And, pushing open the door, he went in.

Beyond this door lay a matted anteroom and an office divided off by a screen, above which the heads of some six or eight mustachioed clerks suddenly appeared, and as suddenly vanished.

"Signore Riccetto?" said the Englishman interrogatively. Then, noting a whisper among the clerks, he added, "I come by appointment."

A door in the screen opened, and a bald man emerged, all bows and "favoriscas."

"The Signore Riccetto is in his private room, awaiting the visit of mi-lord. Will mi-lord be pleased to walk this way? So!—The lobby is somewhat dark—and there is a step yonder."

Saying which, the bald clerk, diving forward, opened yet another and another door, and announced—

"Mi-lord Brackenbury."

What Mi-lord Brackenbury saw was a room big enough and lofty enough for a lecture-hall; a painted ceiling all goddesses and arabesques, down the centre of which hung three dusty chandeliers



ancient Venice glass; a row of ponderous gilt chairs ranged along the walls; above the chairs a file of full-length family portraits, gentlemen in doublets and ruffs, ladies in hoops and stomachers; in the middle of the floor a rug, a writing-table and desk, and some three or four leather-bottomed chairs; and at the upper end of the room an open bureau laden with packets of tied-up letters and papers.

Two gentlemen seated at opposite sides of the writing-table—the one portly, square-headed, with crisp light hair and a moustache brushed up à la Rubens; the other slender, fallow, and all in black—rose when the visitor was announced.

The Englishman and the man in black bowed with just so much of recognition as showed them to have met before. The man in black presented the light-haired gentleman as "Signore Ricciotto."

Peer and banker exchanged formal salutations.

"I trust I have not kept Signore Ricciotto waiting," said Lord Brackenbury, looking round for a clock and seeing none. Signore Ricciotto lifted his hands deprecatingly.

"Altro—altro!" he said. "Mi-lord is exactitude itself."

To which the man in black, with a deferential smile, added that "punctuality was an English virtue."

These preliminary courtesies over, the banker begged the Signore to be seated, and the man in black opened the business of the meeting.

"The object of this interview," he said, with a little oratorical cough, "is understood. It needs no introduction."

He looked round complacently; and then, having said that it needed no introduction, proceeded to introduce it.

"My client, if his noble Lordship will permit me the honour of so styling him, is here in the character of a possible purchaser. I am myself present as the humble medium between his Lordship and another noble client, who is willing to part from certain—ahem!—property, which his Lordship is willing, or may on certain conditions be willing, to acquire. That property, meanwhile, is lodged in the safe keeping of the Signori Ricciotto and Da Costa, to whom I have the pleasure to present a written order from my absent client, authorising them to permit inspection of the same."

Saying which, the man in black pulled out a big pocket-book, and extracted therefrom a folded paper, which he presented to the banker.

Signore Ricciotto, having glanced through it, pressed the spring of a hand-bell that stood beside his desk.

The bald-headed clerk promptly appeared.

"That coffer about which I spoke to you last evening, Giovannelli," said Signore Ricciotto.

Giovannelli vanished.

"Always the same Giovannelli," remarked the man in black.

"The same, Signore Moro,—always trustworthy and trusted," replied the banker; then, turning to Lord Brackenbury, "Mi-lord has been wintering in Rome?"

Lord Brackenbury shook his head.

"No," he said; "just the reverse. I am moving southward, and purpose spending Easter in Rome. I did not, in fact, leave England till the beginning of February."

"So lately? Mi-lord is pleased with Genoa?"

"Genoa is one of my old loves," Lord Brackenbury replied, with a grave smile.

"Ah! mi-lord has been here before?"

"Many a time. When I kept a yacht, I often made Genoa my head-quarters in Mediterranean waters."

"I understood that his Lordship had even now a yacht in the harbour?" said Signore Moro interrogatively.

"Not a yacht—an old felucca which I bought one day for a mere song, and which I manage myself, sometimes with, and sometimes without, the help of a boy."

"Mi-lord is rash to go out alone in these waters," said Signore Ricciotto. "Ours is a treacherous coast, and the bay is apt to be raked by sudden gusts from the Maritime Alps."

Lord Brackenbury smiled the same grave smile.

"I am little more than a fine-weather sailor," he replied; "and if I run occasional risks, I seldom endanger any life but my own. Boating is my apology for idleness."

"Mi-lord is doubtless an accomplished seaman," said Signore Moro deferentially.

Here the door opened, and Giovannelli reappeared with "the coffer."

## CHAPTER II.

### A MAD ENGLISHMAN

THE "coffer" proved to be a big brass-bound box, like a monster dressing-case, on the lid of which was a tarnished scutcheon, engraved with a coroneted coat of arms.

The head-clerk placed this box on the table; then, having handed a bunch of keys to Signore Ricciotto, withdrew as before.

There were three locks to the box, and three keys on the bunch. As the banker turned each successive key, Lord Brackenbury rose, and went to the table. Signore Moro also rose. The lid, being unlocked, fell back level with the top of the box, showing an inner lid of silver gilt, engraved with a cypher enclosed in a garter, and surmounted by a coronet. This second lid opened by means of a concealed spring, which Signore Ricciotto had some difficulty in finding.

"It should be somewhere here," he said, running his finger to and fro along the edge; "but it is now so many years since I was shown how to—Ecco!—at last."

The spring, accidentally pressed, caused the second lid to fly open, and displayed a superb diamond tiara and necklace on a bed of dark blue velvet.

There followed murmured admiration on the part of Signore Moro; a critical dead silence on the part of Lord Brackenbury.

Having waited a few moments, Signore Ricciotto lifted out this first tray, and disclosed a second containing a pair of bracelets, a pair of earrings, and a pendant, all in diamonds.

Another pause; and the same silence.

Signore Ricciotto then lifted out the second tray, and there was seen at the bottom of the box a third group of jewels consisting of a magnificent aigrette in the form of a bird of paradise, some three or four rings, and an elaborate brooch, repeating the design of the cypher and coronet.

"These, I suppose, are all?" said Lord Brackenbury.

"The complete *parure*," replied the banker.

"A *parure* worthy of a Queen!" said Signore Moro, enthusiastically.

Lord Brackenbury took up first the tiara, then the aigrette, and examined the setting of the stones.

"They are set transparent, every one," said Signore Moro.

"The style is old-fashioned," said Lord Brackenbury.

"But what fire in those central clusters! What water! What size!"

"They would need to be entirely re-set," said Lord Brackenbury.

Signore Ricciotto shrugged his shoulders doubtfully.

"The setting," he said, "is a matter of taste. It is with the stones that we are concerned; and they are, I understand, flawless, and of the purest water. The jewels come up, I trust, to the level of mi-lord's expectations?"

Lord Brackenbury paused, passing the whole once more in review.

"Well—yes; I think so," he said, presently. "But unless

they were cleaned, it would be difficult to form an opinion. Besides, I do not profess to be a judge of such things. Your client, Signore Moro, will not object if I call in an expert?"

"Mi-lord is more than welcome to do so. My client would prefer it."

"Thanks—he waits outside. Will Signore Ricciotto permit him to come in?"

Signore Ricciotto again sounded his handbell; Giovannelli again appeared; and the man to whom Lord Brackenbury had spoken as he passed through the hall was presently ushered in.

"This is my expert," said Lord Brackenbury. "He is a lapidary—a very honest fellow, and well versed in precious stones. Here, Antonio—examine these jewels, and let me have your opinion upon them."

The lapidary deposited his hat on the floor, made a shy obeisance, and shuffled up to the table.

"Am I required to price them?" he said, after eyeing the jewels for a moment in silence.

"Not to price them exactly; but to value them—approximately."

"I could not undertake to value them with precision as they are," replied the lapidary. "I ought to be able to weigh each stone separately, without the setting."

"That, of course, is impossible. But you can form a rough estimate?"

"Yes, Signore—I can form a rough estimate."

Saying which, he took from his waistcoat pocket a file, a small magnifying-glass of the kind used by gem-engravers and watch-makers, and a well-worn stump of black-lead pencil. He then asked for a sheet of paper, and proceeded to a systematic examination of the contents of the three trays. One by one, he took the jewels to the light, breathed upon them, rubbed them, tested each principal stone with a stroke of the file, and made a note of its probable weight, quality, and value. He was a careful man, and he performed his task conscientiously. It took a long time, however, during which the lookers-on tried to keep up a languid conversation, and waited with what patience they could.

When at length the last jewel was restored to its place, the lapidary, somewhat slowly and laboriously, cast up his column of figures, and handed the paper to Lord Brackenbury.

"And this," said the Englishman, "is your rough estimate?"

"To the best of my judgment, Signore; but—not being able to weigh the stones—I must naturally allow a wide margin for errors."

"A margin to what extent?"

The workman hesitated.

"Diamonds are difficult goods to value, Signore," he said. "A very little weight more or less makes all the difference."

"I know that," said Lord Brackenbury.

"I—I may have rated them too high; and I may have rated them too low."

"How much too high or too low? I mean, what do you take to be the outside margin of error either way?"

"Well, Signore—perhaps, as much as twenty-five thousand French lire."

"Twenty-five thousand French lire—that is to say a thousand pounds sterling?"

"Yes, Signore."

"Very good, Antonio. You may go."

And Lord Brackenbury folded up the paper, and put it in his waistcoat pocket.

The lapidary, meanwhile, picked up his hat, and with a muttered "Good day, Signori," went his way.

When the door had closed, Lord Brackenbury drew his chair nearer.

"And now," he said, turning to the lawyer—"and now, Signore—the price?"

"The sum named to mi-lord at our former interview," said the man in black. "Forty-five thousand pounds sterling."

Lord Brackenbury shook his head.

"More than I can afford, Signore Moro," he said. "More than the jewels are worth."

"Nay, mi-lord; the jewels are too cheap. My client, I do not give his name, unless we come to terms, in which case we rely upon mi-lord's discretion—my client, to tell the truth, needs money. Political changes—unfortunate speculations—a too lavish and a too confiding temperament, have one and all contributed to cripple his estate. Mi-lord observes that we approach this negotiation in a spirit of frankness."

Lord Brackenbury bowed.

"Sooner than still further reduce that estate by sale or mortgage," continued Signore Moro, "my client (being unmarried, and having no use for them) decides to part from his family diamonds. But he wishes to sell privately—and to sell privately is to sell cheaply."

"I do not see that," said Lord Brackenbury.

"Mi-lord, these diamonds have a European reputation. Two of the ornaments belonged to the Spanish crown. They came into the family when an ancestor of my client married a grandniece of Charles the Third."

"That fact," said Lord Brackenbury, "would not greatly interest a stranger."

"But as a matter of historical association . . ."

"As a matter of historical association, it does not, so far as I am myself concerned, enhance the value of the purchase by a single scudo. You are dealing with me frankly, Signore Moro. I will deal as frankly with you. I am engaged to be married."

Signore Moro, beaming at a moment's notice, murmured something about "a hundred thousand felicitations."

"My family jewels are few and old-fashioned. If I buy these diamonds, I buy them solely for the stones; I look only to the value of the stones; and my first step will be to have them entirely taken to pieces."

"What a pity!"

"Your client, Signore Moro, would not be of that opinion. If the jewels are historical and well-known, he would prefer that they should escape recognition."

"Well—yes; there would be that advantage. But on the other hand, mi-lord, this *parure*, if put up to public auction, would fetch eighty thousand pounds."

Lord Brackenbury looked politely doubtful.

"One question, Signore Moro," he said. "Is your client open to an offer?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Such an offer as it is in my power to make must be based exclusively upon the market value of the diamonds."

Signore Moro begged leave to assure his lordship that any proposition he might be pleased to make should meet with due consideration.

Without unfolding it, Lord Brackenbury took the estimate from his waistcoat pocket.

"I am a man of few words," he said, "and I am not clever at bargaining. My first proposal, therefore, will be my last. I offer thirty-one thousand pounds."

The lawyer uttered an exclamation of dismay. That his lordship should seriously propose an abatement of fourteen thousand pounds was inconceivable—that it should be conceded was not only inconceivable, but impossible!

"It is for Signore Moro to accept or reject."

"For my client, mi-lord—for my client. And, *davvero*! I dare not go to my client with such an offer."

Lord Brackenbury rose.

"In that case," he said, "I have but to apologise for occupying Signore Ricciotto's valuable time. And that I may not be supposed to have unjustly depreciated the jewels, I beg to lay before these gentlemen the valuation which has just been made in their presence. My expert estimates the stones at thirty thousand pounds; but as he admitted that he might be in error one way or the other to the extent of a thousand pounds, I gave the diamonds the benefit of the doubt."

Saying which, Lord Brackenbury handed the paper to Signore Moro, and took his hat with the air of a man whose business is concluded.

But Signore Moro had no mind so to conclude it.

"One moment, mi-lord," he said, with a quick glance at the estimate. "I admit, of course, that there are two sides to a question of this kind—the commercial side and the non-commercial side. This paper represents the commercial side, and we are bound to give it a hearing."

"It represents the value of the diamonds in the diamond market," said Lord Brackenbury, drily.

"Their minimum value," objected Signore Moro.

"I do not think so. But why not call in another opinion?"

Signore Moro and Signore Ricciotto exchanged glances.

"Mi-lord Brackenbury," said Signore Moro, "we may not accept your valuer's estimate with entire unreserve; but we do not question its approximate fairness. To call in a second expert would be to imply a doubt. We should not dream of it."

"It would be more satisfactory," said Lord Brackenbury.

"Far from it—far from it. With a little concession on both sides, we can come to terms."

"Signore Moro," said Lord Brackenbury, "we English are a literal people. I told you that my first proposal would be my last; and I mean it—to a shilling."

"Mi-lord is hard—hard!"

And, half in admiration, half in despair, Signore Moro turned, as if appealingly, to the banker.

Signore Ricciotto smiled. It was probably his cue to interfere at this juncture.

"Am I to offer an opinion?" he asked.

"Certainly—but you must tell mi-lord that he is too rigid."

"I do not think that mi-lord is too rigid. Mi-lord has offered a thousand pounds in excess of the estimate. Mi-lord is liberal."

"But my client?"

"Your client has placed himself in your hands, and will be content with such arrangements as you see fit to conclude."

The lawyer hesitated, or affected to hesitate.

Lord Brackenbury looked at his watch.

"Signore Moro," he said, "I am not so unreasonable as to ask for an immediate answer. Take twenty-four hours, and talk the matter over with your client."

Lawyer and banker exchanged a hurried whisper. Then Signore Moro spoke.

"My client," he said, "is at his Florentine villa. He seldom comes to Genoa. And, moreover, as Signor Ricciotto has said, he leaves this matter in my hands. After all, it is I who must decide, and I may as well decide now as twenty-four hours hence. Mi-lord Brackenbury, we accept your offer."

For a man comparatively so young, Lord Brackenbury was singularly cool and self-contained. There was no gleam of triumph in his face as, turning to Signore Ricciotto and resuming his seat, he said, in the most matter-of-fact way possible:—

"I have a credit with your house, Signore Ricciotto—a credit which I think will cover the purchase-money of these jewels."

The banker smiled, as bankers are wont to smile upon customers who deal in large accounts. He was aware that mi-lord had a credit upon the house. He did not know to what amount, but his manager had said that mi-lord's was a large credit. In any case, there could be no possible difficulty. Mi-lord might draw upon Ricciotto and Da Costa to any amount he pleased, and the firm would be happy to honour his lordship's signature.

"It only remains, then, for Signore Moro to prepare his receipt."

"Five minutes' work!" said Signore Moro. "Will my lord like me to wait upon him this afternoon—say, at five?"

"The sooner the better, Signore Moro."

"And what will mi-lord wish us to do with regard to the jewels?" asked Signore Ricciotto.

"I should like them delivered this evening, after dinner, at my hotel."

Signore Ricciotto bowed, and replaced the trays in the casket.

"Which are the Spanish jewels?" asked Lord Brackenbury.

"The aigrette, mi-lord, and the portrait-ring in the bottom tray. I do not think you particularly observed the ring. It contains a miniature of Charles the Third surmounted by an imperial crown in small brilliants. But full particulars of each jewel are entered in the inventory."

"If you will be so good as to give it to me, I will take that inventory now," said Lord Brackenbury.

The banker drew a folded paper from his desk, and handed it across the table.

"Mi-lord is a man of business," he said, smiling. "Shall we verify the estimate before I close the coffer?"

Lord Brackenbury preferred, however, to verify on receipt of his purchase.

"I should ask you to take charge of these diamonds for a few more weeks, Signore Ricciotto," he said, "if I were not immediately leaving Genoa; but, this matter being settled, I hope to start to-morrow."

"For Rome?"

"For Rome, by way of Pisa and Florence. I want, in fact, to put the work into Castellani's hands with as little delay as possible."

"Mi-lord really intends to have the jewels re-set?"

"Unquestionably."

"But mi-lord will not travel with thirty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds?"

"Why not? Brigands, I believe, are an unknown luxury on this side of Rome."

The banker looked grave.

"That we are free from brigandage is true," he said; "yet for all that, I would recommend the sea-route. The French steamers are excellent; and from Civita Vecchia to Rome, it is a pleasant drive of only a few hours."

Lord Brackenbury smiled dissent.

"I abhor steamers," he said; "and I have an especial fancy to see the coast road between this place and Spezia."

"I believe the roads to be absolutely safe," said Signore Ricciotto, "but not for the worth of the jewels would I take charge of them from here to Rome—above all, by a circuitous land journey."

"Nay, mi-lord, Signore Ricciotto is undoubtedly in the right," interposed the lawyer.

"But some one must convey them," said Lord Brackenbury, half-jestingly, half-impatiently. "Diamonds are not like money. I cannot deposit them here, and take them out by letter of credit in Rome."

"We can forward them by Government courier to the care of our Roman correspondent," replied the banker.

"And why should I rely upon the Government courier rather than upon myself? He is more likely to be robbed. He is known to be worth robbing. Who will know that I am worth it?"

"The Government courier travels with an escort," said Signore Ricciotto.



"And I travel armed, with my servant, who is also armed. Believe me, Signori both, I am perfectly well able to take care of myself and the diamonds. Thanks all the same for your counsel. Signore Moro, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at five. Signore Ricciotto, I have the honour to wish you good day."

Saying which, Lord Brackenbury bent his head somewhat stiffly to each in turn, and left the room.

The door having closed upon him, banker and lawyer looked at each other, and drew a long breath.

"Inglesse from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet!" said Signore Moro.

"An obstinate fool, and as rash as he is obstinate!" said Signore Ricciotto. "Who but a mad Englishman would travel half over Italy with thirty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds?"

(To be continued.)

### THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY

THE fifty-fourth Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture was opened at Edinburgh on the 31st ult. For two generations it has been the means of diffusing a taste for Art among the Scottish public; and it has been the outward sign of a School of Art, the fame of which has extended far beyond the borders of Scotland.

The present Exhibition contains 1,120 works contributed by 503 artists, most of whom are resident in Scotland. Of these works 773 are oil paintings, 313 are water-colours and architectural drawings, and 34 are pieces of sculpture in plaster, terra cotta, marble, and bronze. There is a slight falling off this year in the department of sculpture, but over the whole Exhibition there is an increase on last year of 42 works.

The great mass of these pictures are now exhibited for the first time, and they may therefore be taken to indicate a considerable amount of artistic activity. Some of the most striking pictures on the walls of the Galleries, however, have already appeared in public—chiefly at Burlington House. These are for the most part the works of Scottish artists who have transferred themselves to London, but who do not on that account cease to have a kindly feeling for their Alma Mater, or grow indifferent to their fame in the North. For example, the principal place in the Great Room is occupied by Erskine Nicol's cleverly characteristic work, "Interviewing their Member." James Archer is represented by his "Sacrifice to Dionysius" and his "Portrait of Herr Joachim." We have also Pettie's "Member of the Long Parliament," his "Rob Roy," and his "Portrait of Alexander Watt," John Faed's "Goldsmith in his Study" and "The Rivals," M'Whirter's "Three Graces," and T. Graham's "The Philosopher's Breakfast." From Mr. Orchardson there comes an admirably-conceived and carefully painted figure of "A Revolutionist." Mr. Houston exhibits his happy *double entendre*, "A Satisfactory Reflection"—a gaily-dressed lady admiring herself in a mirror. Mr. Millais sends portraits (heads) of his two daughters, and J. Portraits, of Brussels, contributes three pictures, one of which—"The Prayer of Judith before entering the Tent of Holofernes"—is a powerful specimen of his refined and appreciative art.

It is, however, in the works of the resident Scottish artists that the interest of the Exhibition chiefly lies; and in this respect, as the representative produce of a year's labours, the display has some very satisfactory features. In so large a collection of pictures by so many artists, it must needs be that there is a great deal of inferior work, and perhaps not a little rubbish, although the work of weeding out was done so ruthlessly by the Hanging Committee that they rejected half as many pictures as they accepted. At the same time the Exhibition gives proof of a very considerable amount of good work, and of some talent of the first order. An Academy which reckons among its active members such men as Sir Daniel Macnee, Sir Noel Paton, Sir John Steell, Herdman, Lockhart, Fraser, Waller Paton, George Reid, Brodie, Hutchison, and the Stevensons, can hardly fail to produce from year to year a fair amount of high-class work.

In portraiture, the Scottish School has always been strong. The second last President of the Academy, Sir John Watson Gordon, stood in the first rank of the portrait painters of his time. Sir Daniel Macnee, the present President, is hardly less distinguished, but I am not sure that his contributions to the present Exhibition adequately maintain his fame. They include his portraits of "The Earl of Haddington" and "James Hozier, Esq.," exhibited in London last year; a portrait of a lady which presents no very striking feature; and a half-length of Mr. J. R. Findlay, which is an admirable piece of colouring, but is not quite successful as a likeness. The opinion seems to be growing that in power of delineating character, and in strength and harmony of colour, the President is equalled, if he be not indeed surpassed, by Mr. Herdman, who takes high rank not only as a portrait but also as a historical painter. His portrait of "Principal Tulloch," of St. Andrew's, is unquestionably the finest work of its kind in the galleries. No doubt the artist has had the benefit of a fine subject; but the picture as a composition, and as an example of intellectual portraiture, leaves little to be desired. Other portrait painters whose works maintain not unworthily the reputation of the Scottish School are William M'Taggart, Norman Macbeth, Otto Leyde, J. M. Barclay, James Irvine, and Robert Gibb.

In Sir Noel Paton the Scottish Academy has a poet-painter of undoubted genius, but unfortunately he does not often appear as a contributor to the annual Exhibition. His reputation rests on his fairy scenes from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and on his religious allegories; and his chief new works now fall into the hands of print publishers, and are exhibited independently. This year, however, he sends two small pictures to the Galleries—"A Dream of Latmos," Diana gazing on the face of the sleeping Endymion, and "Sir Galahad," representing the "stainless knight" witnessing the vision of the Holy Grail. Both pictures, slight as they are, exhibit the artist's exquisite fancy and wonderful mastery of detail. By common consent the most striking picture of the year is Mr. W. E. Lockhart's "Cardinal Beaton." The Cardinal, clad in his scarlet robes, stands in his bedroom sword in hand, awaiting the fatal onset of his murderers. The conspirators have set the door of the chamber ablaze with a heap of live coal. From this incident the picture derives its characteristic features. The reflection of the fire on the Cardinal's face is cleverly painted; but the face itself lacks the expression of power. The Cardinal, too, is represented as a young man with raven locks, though he was fifty-two when he died. The figure of his attendant, whose effort to barricade the door with pieces of furniture has signally failed, is equally fine in colour and in attitude. Mr. W. B. Hole has an excellent picture, entitled "Christmas Eve at the Squire's," which happily realises its motto:—

And, though three score and ten his years,  
He fealty led the ball.

Mr. G. Hay's "Spinners" is a notable example of *genre* painting in his favourite antique vein. In Mr. Wingate's "Quoilers" landscape and figures are harmoniously combined. Mr. Gavin indulges his taste for Oriental scenes in two clever and carefully finished pictures, "Pilgrims to Mecca," and "A Mosque Fountain."

It would be strange indeed if, in this "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," landscape, and especially Highland landscape, did not receive very special attention. And, in point of fact, the Scottish landscape painters claim a larger share of attention than any other single class of exhibitors, both in oils and in water-colours. The chief exhibitors in this department are Alexander Fraser and Waller Paton. But their styles are as widely different

as it is possible to conceive. Fraser's strong point is breadth of effect, combined with strength and richness of colour. Paton's strong point is minuteness of detail, combined with peculiarities of colour which may best be described as eccentricities. The best specimen of the former in the present Exhibition is his "Ben-y-Glas Ferry—Midsummer," a fresh, breezy landscape, full of air and sunshine; and of the latter, his "Entrance to Glen Etive," rich in the purple and roseate hues of which this artist is too fond. J. Smart exhibits two excellent landscapes—"A Favourite Cast on the Lyon" and "The Vale of Athole." The highest praise that can be given to these pictures is, that they make you wish to be in the midst of the scenes depicted. Mr. G. Reid's "November" is full of sentiment, powerfully realised. There is great freshness and force in Mr. W. F. Vallance's clever sea-scapes: "A Grim Nor'-Easter" and "The Busy Clyde." Some of the best landscapes in the Exhibition are in the Water-Colour Room, which is enriched by contributions from Waller Paton, Fettes Douglas, Vallance, and the late James Cassie.

Though the sculpture section of the Exhibition shows a falling-off in quantity, it reveals no weakness in the quality of the works exhibited. Sir John Steell's bust in marble of the late Mrs. Colonel Allan is an exquisitely-finished work. But of all our sculptors Mr. Brodie is the one who bears the palm in respect both of force of characterisation and of sweetness of finish. His marble busts of the late "Principal Harper" and "Mrs. Connel Black" are equally thoughtful and refined. His head of "Henry Irving" is full of character and powerful sentiment. With a recognition of the rare merit of Clark Stanton's "Alto-Relievo of Dreamland" and Calder Marshall's bronze statue, entitled "Stepping Stones," this hasty survey of the Scottish Exhibition may fitly close.

W. SCOTT DALGLEISH



MR. DIXON's matter is excellent, but his manner is likely to vex the fastidious. The "courteous reader," when thus apostrophised: "I must also inform thee, gentle reader, that shouldst thou have a taste for ornithology, as I trust thou hast," and so on, is likely to turn ungente, if not discourteous. Waterton, to whose memory "Rural Bird Life" (Longmans) is inscribed, did not write in this way, and Gilbert White's letters to Pennant and Daines Barrington are classically simple. Of Mr. Dixon's "facts" we cannot speak positively. If he thinks the windhover (kestrel) when it builds always chooses a magpie's nest, he is wrong; we know of kestrels' nests built first-hand in fir-trees. Nor can we understand how he can be certain that swallows, for instance, mate for life. Of rooks and ringdoves the fact (?) may be more easily ascertained; but swallows are hard to identify even for the minutest observer. Civilisation does not improve the morals of birds; the mallard is the constant husband of one wife, while the farm-yard drake is polygamous. How is it with the jungle-cock? Mr. Dixon's remarks on the protective instinct of birds—how the pheasant, for instance, when she goes off the nest covers her eggs with herbage just like that in which they lie—are likely to teach boys to use their eyes. But his hints on egg-blowing and bird-stuffing are far less copious than those in Wood's new edition of Waterton. The woodcuts are by G. Pearson.

Very few, except the exporters of grey shirtings, cared a bit about the Koreans remaining outside the so-called "brotherhood of nations." Mr. Ernest Oppert, however, was indignant at the backwardness of sixteen millions of possible customers; and he persuaded the largest of our Chinese firms to lend him a steamer to explore what he calls "A Forbidden Land" (Sampson Low and Co.). Undeterred by the news that the French missionaries had been murdered, owing, he says, to their presence being connected with the appearance of a Russian fleet off the east coast, Mr. Oppert made a second voyage, and then a third. He did not succeed in opening up Corea; but he warns us that if we don't do this, Russia, which already holds the east coast as far as the Tumen, surely will. For the wishes of the Koreans he has a more than British contempt; "he is no advocate of the kid-glove policy and Mandarin-worship, nowhere more out of place than in the treatment of Asiatics, and which in China have been so deleterious to foreign interests." In fact, he withholds liberty while he offers fraternity. "Be my brother," is his cry, "or I'll blow your town about your ears." Of course he finds the people anxious to trade with us and rid themselves of the hated Regent. Nay, the very officials, when they had well drunk (and the amount of champagne and cherry brandy they consumed must have added largely to the cost of the expeditions), talked treason in the most encouraging style. But if a Korean was to sail just now into Galway Bay he would find the people infinitely more disaffected than any with whom Mr. Oppert came in contact. Upsetting authority and ignoring native law is a bad prelude to admission into "the brotherhood"; the new members have a right to expect the same regard for their institutions which we exact for our own. We wish Mr. Oppert would read the late Lord Strangford on the true way of dealing with Orientals. International politics apart, his book is a very interesting one. He showed plenty of pluck; his third visit (a failure for want of adequate preparation) was at the suggestion of an escaped French priest to steal some very sacred relics, the possession of which would, it was thought, force the Regent to terms; he saw a good deal of the Korean men (the women are kept closely shut up); and he noted the meanness of the houses, the want of gardens and decorations, and the low state of the arts—all so different from what one finds at China. His chapters on the history of the country are very interesting.

In 1796 M. de Rémusat, a young Provençal lawyer, sent up to Paris to settle the business of the suppressed *Cour des Aides*, married Mdlle. de Vergennes, whose father had been guillotined two years before. During their banishment from Paris, the de Vergennes had lived in the same village in which Madame Beauharnais, afterwards the Empress Josephine, was staying. Josephine, who was a good kind creature, remembered her friend when Rémusat by and by was trying for an official appointment, and in 1802 the husband was made prefect of the palace, while his wife became a lady in waiting. Hence the value of these "Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat," published by her Grandson" (Sampson Low and Co.) to those who care for extinct scandals and the infinite littleness of Court life. To the cynic they furnish one more proof that Oxenstiern was right about the little wisdom with which the world is governed, and that what Carlyle says of us Brits is at least equally true of the French. They must have been "mostly fools" to make a god of such a very coarse-grained *parvenu* as the first Napoleon. His imperious selfishness, his want of heart (Madame de Rémusat doubts if he possessed that organ), the gauds with which he strove to gild the meanness of his *entourage*, his rudeness to the *dames du palais* who shrank from him, Josephine's jealousy (for which he gave her abundant cause), the scheming of Murat and his wife,—all the details, in fact, of palace life, along with many valuable hints about public affairs, come out in this volume, which, taking us to 1805, is soon to be followed by another. Napoleon, in a red velvet coat and white sash and short cloak sewn with bees and a plumed hat with diamond buckle, is comical enough; but more comical still is Bonaparte writing sentimental ill-spelt letters to Josephine: "You wept when we parted;

you wept! At that thought all my being trembles; but be consoled, Würmsers shall pay dearly for your tears."

"Sneak-box" is the Bay-men's nickname for the duck-boat invented by Captain Hazelton Seaman, of West Creek, New Jersey, and by him named "devil's coffin." It is cheaper than a canoe, weighs about 200 lbs., is 12 feet long, 4 wide, and 13 inches deep, and will float with a cargo of 100 lbs. in five or six inches of water. A canoe weighs only 70 lbs., but you cannot sleep in it, even when bedded in grass or rushes, without serious straining. Hence though, as he told us in his "Voyage of the Paper Canoe," Mr. N. H. Bishop threw the *Rob Roy* into the shade by paddling the *Maria Theresa* from Quebec down to the Gulf of Mexico; for the journey from Pittsburg to the Suwanee River he preferred the more comfortable craft. How he fared he tells us in "Four Months in a Sneak-Box" (Edinburgh: David Douglas), combining therewith a deal of pleasant information about the country he went through. His guide-maps are excellent, but his book deserves a far larger public than that which is likely to follow in his wake. His strangest experience was near Plaquemine Bayou, where he learnt the recipe for civilising (by assassination) the Chinese who ventured to fish for the New Orleans market. "This is a white man's country," said his instructor; "and, oh shucks! there's nothin' like a little healthy civilisation for Chinamen and Injuns."

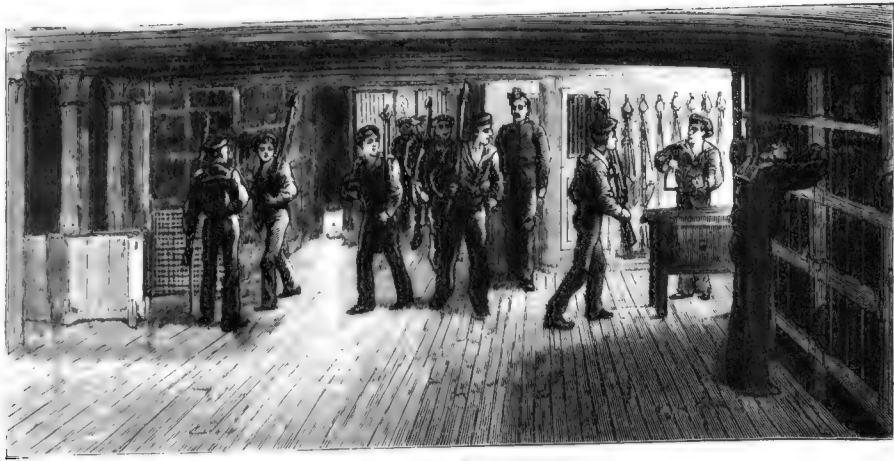
Clearly we are only just beginning to understand the Chinese. These so-called Agnostics are as fond of romance, as "steeped in magic," as Mr. Matthew Arnold's Celts. For the Chinaman the world is as full of devils as it was for Luther. He never can be sure that his wife is not a devil, or (which comes to much the same thing) a fox. His son, if good, is the incarnation of some one whom he benefited in a former state; if bad, he is a defrauded ward or creditor come to life again to punish him. Retribution falls on all at every turn. The King of Purgatory has every one on his list; and, knowing all they do, deals with them accordingly. The *role* of the devils is like that of our fairies; than whom, however, they are more material, for it is possible to discomfit a Chinese devil, not only by Taoist spells, but by sword and spear bravely wielded. Mr. Herbert Giles's "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio" (De la Rue, Bunhill Row) remind us of Mr. Denny's book on Chinese folk-lore, but are even more interesting, for they are not the compilation of a foreigner, but the work of a native scholar, Pu Sung Ling, "the last of the immortals," who lived two centuries ago, and, failing in public life, gave himself up to collecting stories with a dash of the supernatural in them. Very curious is Sung's preface—a satire on the scholarship of the age; and very instructive are the notes on Chinese character and habits which crop up in every story. Wealth, we find over and over again, is a very secondary matter in Chinese theory; education and official rank are what men are professedly valued for. A young fellow who finds his wife is a spirit, and wants to be rid of her, leaves about misspelt orders for the servants—paper for pepper, junger for ginger, and such like. "I thought you were a man of culture," says the disgusted ghost, and disappears for ever. A man who takes a good degree not only earns glory for his townsmen, but mitigates the punishment of any of them who happen just then to be in the hands of justice. Things are somewhat changed since Taeping revolts and the incoming of peremptory barbarians; but the respect for learning still holds its ground along with the old superstitions. We do hope Mr. Giles's book will be widely read, and will be the theme of many an essay on comparative folk-lore. "There's a deal of human nature in man," even when he wears a pigtail and eats with chopsticks. We spoke of fox-wives; more to be recommended is the rat-wife, who, like Mistress Mouse in the song, was given to spinning, and also used to go out o' nights and gather grain for her husband's stores. But the strangest spouse of all is Mrs. Choo, who, after a short term of wedded bliss, is visited by a white hare, the very one who sits at the foot of the cassia tree in the moon, pounding the elixir of immortality. "The doctor is come for me," she cries; and, setting a long ladder up against a tree, climbs, and goes up into space. Choo follows, and so does an inquisitive serving boy. The people find that the ladder, which had far overtopped the trees, has suddenly mouldered into a broken old window-sash, and the trim house has become dank and desolate. They hope the serving-boy will explain all this, but he never comes back. The book, we say again, is a delightful one.

In the "Annual Report of the Comptroller of the Currency to the Second Session of the Forty-sixth Congress of the United States" (Washington: Government Printing Office), we note that the Comptroller strongly recommends the repeal of the law taxing deposits and capital, the effect of the tax being to raise the rate of discount. The illegal certification of checks is an unpleasant feature in American banking; it goes on, in spite of stringent laws passed against it, "in times of extraordinary activity in the stock-board." Savings banks in New York city contrast unfavourably with national banks; the losses by the former amount in eight years to 4½ million dollars, those by national banks to only 91,000 dollars in sixteen years.

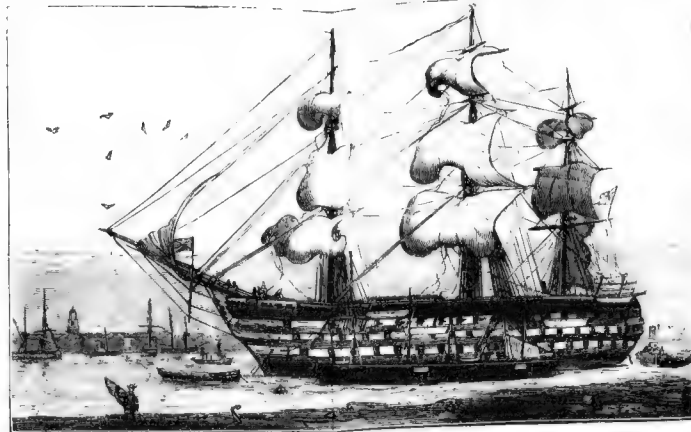
### THE RENT AUDIT

RENT audit this season must have had a sad and new significance to many English farmers. They are naturally prompt in the payment of rent, and, as a rule, when times are good, nothing affords them greater pleasure than to go to the half-yearly audit—cheque book or bundle of notes in hand—and "fork out." This year, alas, were they ever so willing, they were not always able, for the season was woefully against them. And not this season only, but several previous ones all close upon each other with not a good one between. Their resources must, therefore, in almost every case be greatly crippled, and in some very nearly if not quite at an end. Yet, naturally enough, the landlord still looked for his rent, and at the accustomed time, this last year as well as every other, the farmer received due notice to pay it. Something like the term between sentence and execution was that between the notice and the audit this year to many. "How am I to meet my landlord? Where am I to get the money? Will he be lenient to me if I cannot? Will he throw anything off?" were the questions asked by many an anxious head on many a sleepless pillow in the Shires during this and the next month or two. To their credit be it said many, indeed most, of our great landowners have shown a great deal of leniency, and tempered justice with mercy in dealing with their tenants under the trying circumstances in which the latter have been placed. We have heard of the large percentage that in many cases has been thrown off all round without asking, but we have not heard of the instances in which some unfortunate who has not been able to come up to the scratch at all has been let off and told to wait till better times, although doubtless such have occurred. With regard to the percentage business there may be wisdom in it, for the matter in most cases must have adjusted itself in some such way before long. Still, under existing agreements, it is an act of grace, having very much the principle of "Heads I lose, tails you win" in it. If we had had a succession of extremely profitable seasons, instead of extremely bad ones, I am afraid there are not many farmers who of their own accord would have handed over at the audit an extra 10 or 15 per cent. The law of supply and demand would, of course, have adjusted the matter in time also if things had taken this turn, for there would have been another rush at the land on all sides, and rents would have gone up still higher than ever. Possibly, however, under this system of adjustment those who have had the greatest reduction might have had to pay the least increase, for there are landlords and landlords in the world as well as tenants and tenants. I

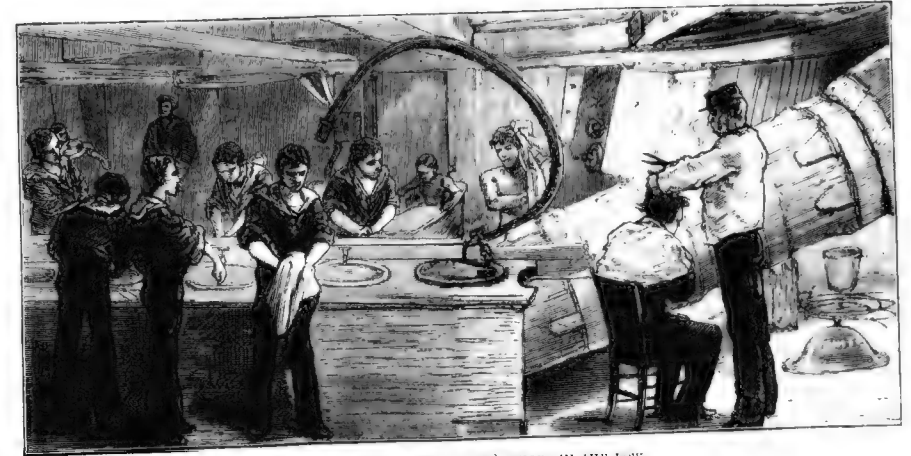




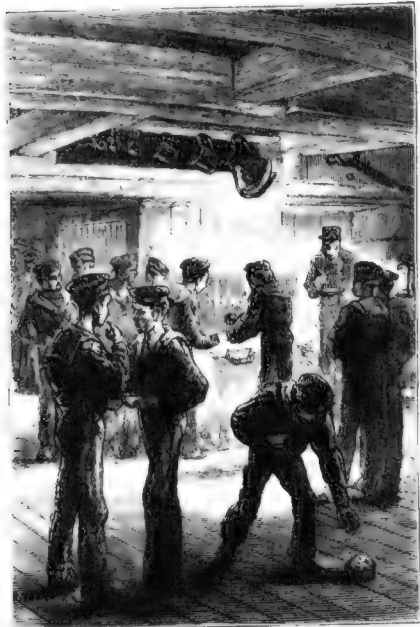
THE "ORLOP DECK" AND COCK-PI



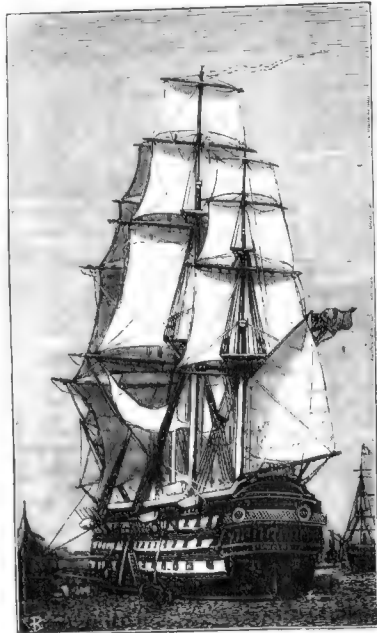
H.M.S. "VINCENT"—"SAIL DRILL"



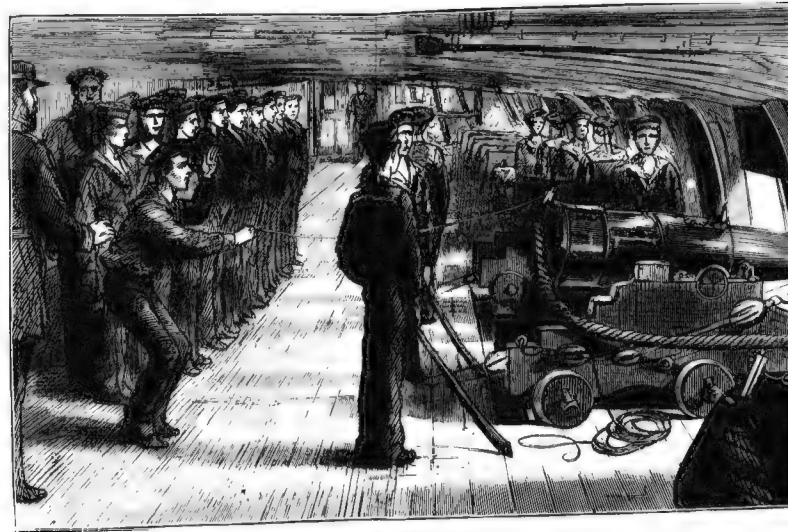
THE BATH ROOM AND BARBER'S SHOP—IN THE LOW



SERVING OUT SUPPER—"ERLAD AND TREACLE"



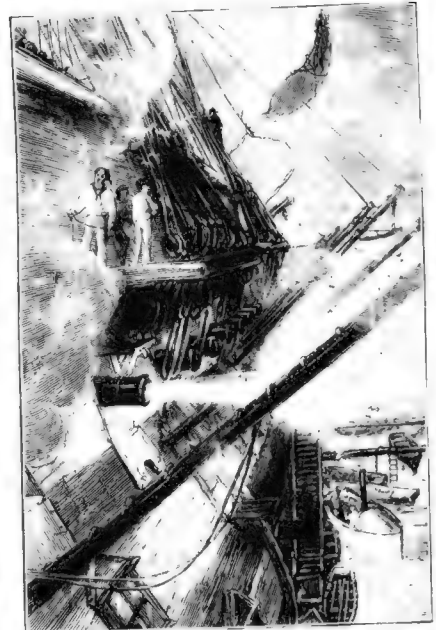
UNDER ALL PLAIN SAIL



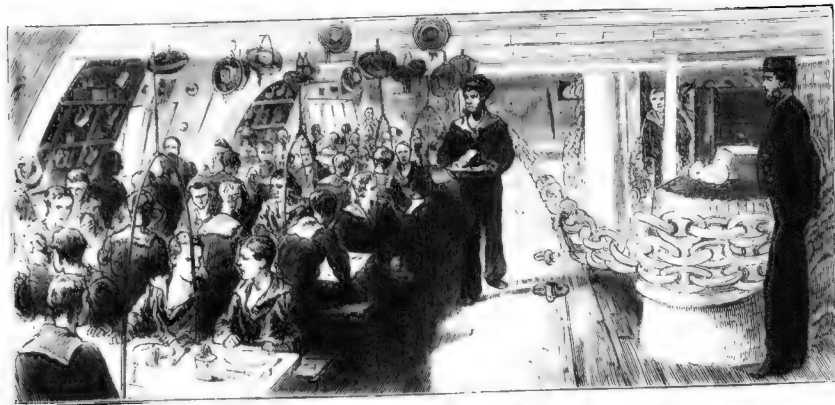
GUNNERY INSTRUCTION



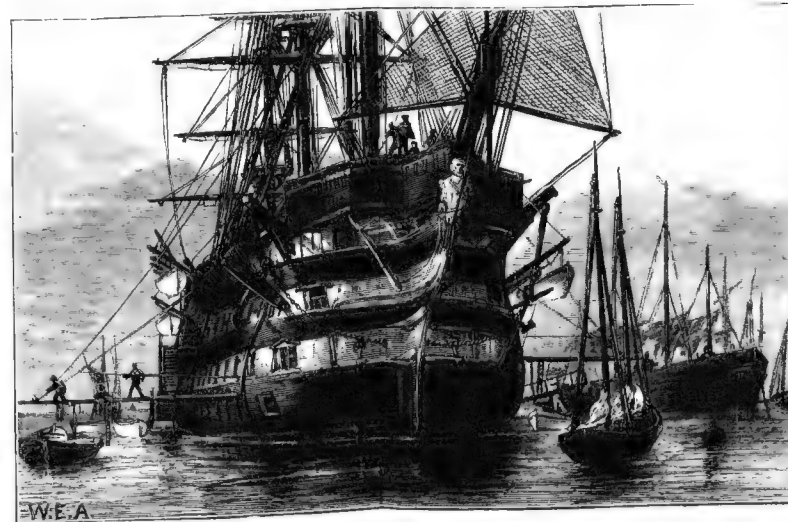
FURLING SAILS



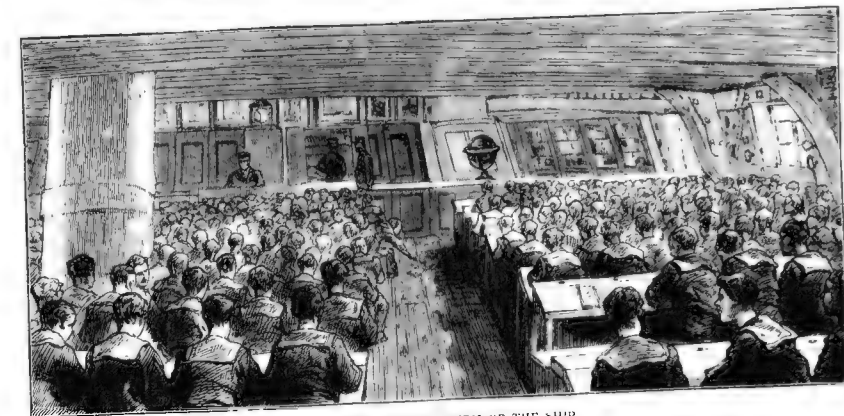
"A SALUTE"—THE STARBOW SIDE LOOKING FORWARD



THE SAILORS' GATHERING



ROW VIEW OF THE VESSEL



"SCHOOL"—IN THE STERN OF THE SHIP



remember having seen somewhere a picture of a Rent Audit in the olden time before banks and land agents were invented. Perhaps if they had never been invented at all both landlords and tenants would have got on just as well. Neither has proved to be an unmixed good. But here they are now, and there they were not at the time represented by the picture. Every man has a good honest canvas bag and a long great coat and a somewhat puckered face. Talking of long great coats, I remember to have seen an article of the very kind once which had been worn at a Rent Audit by one man for thirty years in succession! It was still in good repair and had a decent look about it when I saw it, although its wearer had been long dead, and it was kept as a sort of heirloom in the family.

Fancy one of the great-coats we buy now lasting thirty years! What would become of the "shoddy" makers and the slop tailors? They would have to turn their hands to making good cloth, and putting good work into it, and that would be a backward step which would not suit this age of progress at all.

But to return to the picture, and the old-fashioned farmer portrayed in it. The honest canvas bag will be lightened, the wrinkles on the face will be smoothed out, and the long great-coat will not hang quite so loosely at night when each sturdy husbandman grasps his staff and prepares for home, after taking respectful leave of the Squire, and wishing him and all belonging to him good health many times over. Everything will look quite differently then from what it did in the morning. Whether he will not "see double," whether he will be able to "carry off" the vast quantity of liquor custom has compelled him to "stow away" is an open question. Possibly he may become acquainted with a dry ditch before he reaches the little homestead which calls him master. But he is a hardy fellow, and will not be much the worse next day for anything of this kind which may happen to him over-night—it will not kill him, you may depend.

All this is altered now. A smart land agent, next door to a lawyer, takes the rent, and the audit is oftener held at the nearest inn or hotel than not. Quite as well in many respects that it should be so. The payment of rent and the arranging about repairs are matters of business, and it is better in the long run for both sides that they should be dealt with in a strictly business-like way without the admixture of any personal feeling in the matter. And as to paying the rent at an inn instead of the "House," why there is something to be said in favour of that also, especially as farmers are not exactly now what they used to be. It is an arrangement, on the whole, more agreeable to both parties. A great many houses have no convenience for business, nor any accommodation for a class of people who are, properly speaking, neither parlour nor kitchen guests. They are consequently in the way, they feel themselves in the way, and are sometimes made to feel it by the domestic tribe. "James" is puzzled how to deal with them. He would scorn to acknowledge them as his superiors, and yet in most cases he hardly dares to treat them as his equals. When he can, or when his training has not been quite so perfect as it ought to be, he is sure to show off. I once had a specimen of "James" in connection with a rent audit which I shall not easily forget. It was at the house of a gentleman of whom I rented some land, though I did not often pay the rent in person. I had done so on this occasion for some special purpose, however, though I do not now remember what. The place of rendezvous was the housekeeper's room, and when the business was over, and the agent had gone to hold a final conference with the "Squire," we, the hungry tenants, were gathered round the fire waiting the summons to dinner. Presently it came, and came in a somewhat peculiar and original fashion too. The door was thrown open with startling suddenness, and in bounced a tall footman, who in a voice in which haughtiness and condescension were finely blended, bawled out, "Dinner's ready for you chaps!" and then bolted.

It will be a long time before I finally recover the effects of that announcement. I was mightily amused and yet mightily angry. I did not tell the master, otherwise "James" might probably have got into trouble. But I brooded over it, and it quite spoilt my appetite for dinner. In fact, I may be said to have dined chiefly on "James's" calves, for whenever I could get a glance at them, I surveyed them in quite an ogreish frame of mind. I speculated as to whether they were genuine or not, whether there was any "pad" there, and I longed to have a turn at them. Oh, if I could only have got "James" away into some quiet corner all to myself, with a nice little ground ash stick in my hand, wouldn't I have made him dance, wouldn't I have taught him a lesson which he should not have forgotten for some time, no, not even after he had married the upper housemaid (the cook, I believe, goes to the butler), and become a highly respectable coffee-shop keeper! It would have been nothing but fair, for he gave me a turn which I shall not quite forget so long as my name is

FARMER JOHN

## COMEDY AND TRAGEDY IN A LANCASHIRE BOOKSHOP

Two young women came into our shop to purchase a valentine. One of them selected a card, and inquired if I would write a verse on it if she gave me twopence for my trouble.

"I'll do it for nothing," I answered. "What do you wish me to write?"

"It's for my sweetheart," she said, smiling.

"Something loving, I suppose. How will this suit?" I replied, reading aloud:—

### LOVE UNTIL DEATH

Don't ask how long my vows shall stay,  
When all that's new is past;  
How long, my dearest, can I say,  
How long my life will last?  
Dried be that tear, be hushed that sigh,  
At least I'll love thee till I die.

"That will do beautifully," was her response. "Write under the verse, 'With Katherine's love and a kiss to Patrick.'"

"Very well, but after she has been saying such sweet things to him, I think he would prefer a kiss from her own lips," I said, and asked "if she wanted anything more put in."

"You may say Margaret sends her love to Charlie," she replied; "that's this young woman to his companion. I think Pat will be pleased with it," she went on, whilst I addressed the envelope. "I've only known him since Saturday week, and he came to see me on Sunday."

"I suppose he'll send you a valentine?"

"I'm expecting one. He's a farmer and clogger, with plenty of money. I shall have a good living if I get him."

"Mind you do not let him slip through your fingers if you are fond of him."

"It's not him, it's his money I'm fond of. He's a very decent fellow, only he's a cripple."

"Kate, Kate," remonstrated her friend in a loud whisper, "don't be such a fool. You're telling sadly too much to this lady."

"Good night," said Katherine, heedless of her friend's warning. "I'm much obliged to you. I'm going to the post with it now, for I want him to get it in the morning."

As they walked away a young girl came up to me, saying—  
"Will you please to write on this valentine 'For my good girl, Alice Bennett,' and put the same on this," she said, handing me another of a different pattern; "they are both for this little 'un,"

pointing to a child who stood near her, and the "little 'un" looked supremely happy while I wrote the desired words.

"Here's an ugly one," the girl said, a minute later. "I want you to write on it 'For surly Moll, a very cross girl.' I shall put it under their door, knock, and run away. She'll be fine and vexed; serve her right."

"You see I come creeping in," is the greeting I receive from a stranger who has just entered; "I always come creeping when I want a valentine."

"It is well you know where to creep to," I answer, placing several with sentimental verses before him. "Of course you want a very nice one?"

"I'm none so particular about that; she isn't a nice looking woman, and I'm none so nice looking neither; so I see no need to buy an extra nice one. I must send her one of some sort, or I shall get bagged. She often threatens to bag me."

"Perhaps you'll give her the bag first?"

"Perhaps I may. If she does bag me I shall not care, I should soon have another, for I'm not particular to one."

"This is a pretty valentine," I remark, drawing his attention to business.

Taking it in his hand he read aloud, "To a Friend." "That won't suit," he said. "It mustn't say 'Friend.'"

"This is more appropriate," handing him another.

"I don't see what she can make of this," he announced; "it says, 'No One I Love.'"

"Look again," I reply; "isn't it 'To One I Love.'"

"To be sure it is. What's the damage?"

"Half-a-crown."

"Here's your brass. Good day."

I turn to a youth who is waiting to be served. He looks very conscious, and inclined to turn red. He doesn't like to ask for a valentine, so inquires if we sell postage stamps.

I furnish him with half-a-dozen, and draw his attention to our prettiest love tokens, saying decisively, "Of course you want one, sir?"

"I suppose so,"—simply—"it's what we all have to come to, isn't it? I never sent one in my life before."

A woman is standing at the counter, looking at the cards spread out before her.

"Do you want some valentines?" I inquire.

"No. I don't. My valentine days are over. I want to sell you some books," she answered.

I had spoken without glancing at her, taking it for granted that like almost all the customers I had served that day she wanted valentines.

In our manufacturing towns a large business is done through the medium of St. Valentine. When the cotton trade is flourishing the operatives are our best customers. They have plenty of money, and spend it freely—often foolishly.

The woman untied a red handkerchief, and displayed a grammar, geography, spelling-book, and an old hymn-book.

"You should not sell those," I say to her. "They are your children's school-books. You will get scarcely anything for them."

"I wish I could keep them, but I'd sell everything in the house before I'd clem, as I have done lately. When you've now to eat th' wind gets on your stomach, and ye'd do aught for food. If I could get a cup o' tay I could manage, but th' childer want bread sadly."

"Don't you think people ought to try and get a bit beforehand?" I ventured to say. "It would be a nice thing if poor folks had something to fall back on when work is bad and uncertain."

"Yes," she said, "but it's hard saving when there's so little coming in. What can I do? There's myself to keep and two girls. They both work half time, but there's been a lot o' stoppages lately. Last week there was a breakdown at th' mill, and this week they're playin'. I've bin bad with an ulcerated throat, and couldn't go to th' works, so what with one thing and another I'm reg'lar hard up."

"Have you any idea how much these books are worth?" I asked.

"Perhaps you'll give me sixpence for the lot; it isn't much, but it would buy us a loaf."

"We do not care to buy old school books, and you really should not try to sell them. One of these books cost ninepence, another fifteen-pence."

"They didn't cost me that much," she interrupted; "I gave three-pence for one in 't' market, t'other I got from a woman for washing some clothes. Th' childer 'll get caned at school for goin' bout book; but it 'll be holiday time since, so they may manage, for I'll get 'em back afore th' school goes in again. When a woman has a bad husband to contend with, things go bad with her."

"Is your husband a bad one?"

"I should rather think he is. He isn't living with me just now. If he'd keep away altogether it 'ud give me a chance. He won't work; he skulks about eating me up. I'm feared of him coming whoam, for he's allus hiding me. Once he cut my lip open. Look at my fingers how bent they are. He broke them in a drunken fit, and I was under th' infirmary for a couple of months. But he'll suffer for it all afore he dies. God's too just to let villains like him die comfortable. My husband was th' cause of his mother's death. If a man will thrash his mother there's a poor look-out for his wife and childer. My mother-in-law had been baking cakes, and saved one for me. He found it in th' cupboard, and she told him he mustn't eat it; so he up with his fist and caught her a blow under th' breast. She took ill just after, and when she was on her deathbed she told him afore us all that he was th' cause of her decein'."

"If he was so bad before you married him, you were very silly to take him."

"I was a fool. I did it to make a home for mysen. My mother had just got married again; her own baby was on'y two year owd, and she took a chap with nine childer. He was a drunken fellow, and I ran away from home. I had the ill luck to meet with Tom just then, and we were married in no time. He had just left soldiering; I think he'd bin all over th' world. He began ill-using me th' day as we were wed, and I've never had a bit o' comfort since."

"I wonder you lived with him. Why didn't you get protection?"

"I had him in gaol once for a month, but he leathered me worse than ever when he came out. It did him no good. Then I went in th' Union, and took th' childer with me. They were kind to us in th' House, but I'd sooner work in th' factory, and manage somehow. It's very confin' in th' Union; there's a good big ground to walk about in, that's true, but I'd rather be where I can see folks, wouldn't you?"

"Of course I would."

I picked up her little bundle of books, and said, "I won't buy these. I will lend you eightpence. Bring me the money back in a few days, and I will return you the books."

Her face brightened. "I'll try," she said. "Save 'em for me, and I'll be here in a fortnight."

"You may take this," I said, handing her the hymn-book.

"Thank ye, my childer often sing out of it. It has some Christmas hymns, and 'Before I Look at His Awful Throne,' and a lot more they like. They are two good lasses. They spend their neets i' reading up to each other, and in cutting doll clothes out of any rags they can get. I shall manage well enough when they're workin' full time. When we want clothes I go to the ragshops. I pick up many a decent thing for a few pence. When I've washed and mended 'em they look quite well. Yesterday I had to sell Polly's clogs—it's hard lines selling your children's shoes off their feet, but it can't be helped sometimes."

Another instance, I said to myself, as I watched her depart, of the wretchedness to which many are condemned. She had said in the course of her conversation that when things had gone worse than usual, she had many a time felt tempted to make away with herself. "It couldn't be much worse," she said, "to be tormented in another world than it is in this."

How many of these living problems are forcing on our attention to-day the dark riddle of their existence which we find so hard of solution, and which makes up for them the sum of human life!

HARRIETTE SMITH BAINBRIDGE

## STILL LIFE

STRETCHING down from the Scotch Borders to Derbyshire is a rugged range of high land, rising here and there into peaks and hills noted in the North, and known amongst our English eminences. That elevated land—the backbone of England—is the gathering ground for many of the chief northern streams; its envioning hills are the storehouses in which much of our leaden ores are stored; and the dales that intervene are usually plentiful and secluded.

The country presents remarkable obstacles to the formation of railroads; it is traversed by no canal; and thus traffic is limited by the inadequate facilities, and travel is rare in the dales. There are variations in the shades and character in these dales, just as the industries are varied. On the borders of the fells and in the Cumbrian and Westmoreland dales, the descendants of the 'statesmen still tinge the character of the population with their rugged uprightness and homeliness; in the Durham dales, lead-mining becomes dominant, and influences even character; whilst in southern dales agriculture rules the roast, and tones the customs of the people.

Amongst all, however, there are generic likenesses, and the life that is led by all is emphatically still life. It has its resemblances to the existence of the bees, its busy phases in summer, and the comparatively dormant state in winter, but its busiest condition is torpor compared to the fever-life of towns, and only the echoes of the great questions that ebb and flow continually in the outer world penetrate into these regions guarded by hills and bleaknesses.

In summer this still life is Arcadian in its simplicity, and it merits in considerable degree the praise the gossiping old Evelyn bestowed upon Switzerland: "The safest spot in all Europe—neither envied nor envying;" and the remarks applied to the Swiss have application to the people in this Northern Arcadia: "Nor are any of them rich nor poor; they live in great simplicity and tranquillity." Summer brings to them its abundant labour; in the Eden village the fruitful corn-fields furnish full employment, whilst lower down it is in the farm proverb "up with the horn," to the exclusion almost of arable land. Early and late dairies need attention, and the tons of butter that are sent to the Yorkshire markets show the result, whilst piles of cheese are growing for the fairs, and stock are "summering" for sale at Brough Hill or at Penrith auction mart. From spring seed time till the last rick of corn is thatched, or till, in the non-arable dales, the hay is thatched, and stacks of "brackens" for bedding for the cattle are laid in, there is little leisure, and the few days of comparative idleness are isolated occasions, such as village fairs, which mark as red-letters days the almost incessant labour.

But with Martinmas-tide the stillness of the life becomes intensified, whilst the labours are necessarily restricted. Intercourse with the outer world becomes less; isolation of villages is brought about by storm and snow; cattle are drawn from the fells and sheep from the hills; and with less opportunity for using it abroad the idle time of the workers grows with the longer nights. The coming of winter is marked outwardly and inwardly. The little streams that sparkled over the pebbles on the fell sides or brawled down the hill are swelling daily from the sodden ground, and rush ruddy down the dale, or noisily dash their peat-embrowned waters over the boulders. The dead-brown ferns on the hill-sides are whitened with morning frosts; the heather droops with heavy dews; and the stunted bushes gather runlets of water to drip and splash on their decaying leaves below.

In the villages roofs of thatch or tile look damp, and the few slated eaves or gables glisten in the unfrequent sun's rays, whilst the green that centres in the villages alternates between frosty white or sodden olive. There are few people in the "streets," and the lanes become mud-tracks, in which the hoofs of animals leave traces which surface ice transforms into miniature pitfalls. Homely hospitality reigns; in the north the "merry neets" still linger when the villagers entertain by "house-row;" to the south, though these are unknown more public and promiscuous gatherings have their place. The denominational assemblies are important events to certain portions of the community, whilst to other classes even occasional card parties are as important. In the duldest season of the year the arrival of the weekly newspaper is an event, and the editorial "we" is here a power in the mimic state.

These religious denominations are not so fully marked in the divisions as in towns; the well-to-do farmer will be found regularly at church in the morning, and as regularly at chapel in the evening. In some of the Durham dales John Wesley laid the foundation of enduring societies that still are the most numerous of all the sects in these dales; in others the followers of another eminent peripatetic preacher, Hugh Bourne, prevail. Further north, the Baptists have hold of the affections of the people, and though the Church has put forth efforts of late, it has much leeway to make up, especially in the lead-mining dales.

The people live primitive in habit, peculiar in customary observances. There are many of the old churches where garlands are hung in olden style; there are others where rushbearing festivals are held; and in one, under the shadow of "Stanemore's shapeless swell," there is a holly bough observance that has been practised for generations.

Of all times of the year this district is the most isolated in winter, and especially in snowstorms. The winds send down the snow from the hills to drift up the valleys, and to call the old snow-plough into use. Great white sheets, undulating, and only scored here and there with the tops of the dark mortarless walls, stretch to the uplands, and lose even these slight signs on the fells—presenting the appearance there of seas of snow, untracked for miles. The bushes are ribbed with snow; the disused limekilns are banked up with it; and streaks are thickly marked up and down the clefts in the hills. The villages seem deserted, if it were not that on the cleared path near the houses there is the occasional clatter of patterns, or the rattle of a Westmoreland lad's clogs. Brightness gleams through the little window, and the odour and the colour of the smoke that is blown in gusts over the thatched roofs here and there tells of the peat fires that linger. For, be it never so homely, there is always the "clear fire and the clean hearth" Sarah Battle loved, in these isolated homesteads, whilst from the crook-supported pot that depends over the fire there issues ever a savoury odour, and, if it be in Westmoreland, the have-cake of the country will not be far away, with more generally appreciated dainties. For in all, the isolation, the want of intellectual occupation, and the never-changing round of life, lessens the mental employment, and the delights of the table occupy no small share of the attention. Winter shuts out the world to a large extent, and the self-containing nature of the dales is greatly drawn upon in the months of rain or snow to intervene between the late harvest, and the time when nature chants the song of the wise man: "For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear again on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come."

J. W. S.



## THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND

THE parish priests have no sinecure these hard times, and to see the extent of the present distress it is only necessary to accompany them on their pastoral visits to their hungry flocks.

Taking advantage of that courtesy which is so characteristic of the Irish priest I gladly accepted the offer of a day's drive through the widespread parish of Clifden, which contains some of the wildest and most beautiful scenery it is possible to imagine. Leaving the priests at their "stations," and led by a tall, handsome, half-clad rustic, I visited a dozen or more of cabins among the bogs and by the rocky shore.

Before proceeding fifty yards we had a rapidly increasing escort of men and boys, some of them fluttering in rags, who seemed to spring from the earth, detailing their wrongs and hardships.

I was dragged into house after house, and was shown in small outhouses the wretched little stock of potatoes that was to serve as the sole food of hungry families until next autumn. If what these men said was true—and I saw little reason to doubt it—they are sufferers from terrible injustice.

One man, the orator of the sketch, was a basket maker, and he could earn at the most ninepence a day. He was the sole support of a partially paralysed father, a mother who had been bedridden for years, and a sister.

I visited their cabin; it was as neat and tidy as such a place could be made, the man spoke intelligently, but misfortune had soured him.

It was pointed out that public works would best meet the present evil; there is, however, a great horror of drainage or improvement undertaken by the landlords. "They will only raise the rents already too high for the tenants to drag from the unwilling soil."

In driving along the roads we were met by appeals from men and women too evidently in earnest.

The children at one place had just enjoyed the luxury of a meal of "stirabout"—one little fellow was very proud of the distended stomach he had attained thereby.

On arriving at the priest's house we found a crowd of women who had waited for hours; many of them had trudged from the outlying districts to implore a little relief.

The private means of the clergy are all exhausted. But on this occasion, through the kind help of some unknown friend, the hearts of the poor creatures were made glad by the gift of half-a-hundred-weight of meal to each. It is some weeks since I sketched this scene; the poverty has greatly increased since then.

The priest now writes to me:—"For God's sake, leave no stone unturned to send us help."

There is no doubt that kind sympathy and ready help now will heal many an old wound.

J. R. BROWN

## HOTEL SWALLOWS

HAD Addison lived at present, amongst the singular specimens of mankind whom he described in the *Spectator* he would certainly have included those Englishmen who habitually live in hotels. Of course, the species was unknown in his days; the nearest approach to it consisting in the coffee-room and tavern frequenters of the city. But they retired to their own lodgings at night; besides which, they were most of them either literary men or pretenders to a love of letters, whereof the circle which surrounded Dryden, and the members of "the Club" to which Boswell introduces us, may be adduced in point. The hotel swallow of the present time is a continuous resident for the time being in his hotel, besides which he is the last person in the world who could ever be accused of a fondness for literature. The "Guide" to the place which he honours with his presence and the daily paper are his only literary studies. This title belongs to him from a double reason; because he flits from hotel to hotel, say from Loch Maree to Bournemouth, as the swallow deserts our shores for Cashmere at its own will; and because attention to his appetite is his chief employment. Hotel life has come over to us from America, where the New York hotels and those at fashionable watering-places during the summer are never without their constant inmates, who much prefer the convenience and freedom from care of such a public life to the struggles with "helps" and other disagreeables incident on domestic comfort in the States.

It has its counterpart with our sedate Scotch friends in their fondness for life at a Hydropathic Institution, the public privacy of which is much more amusing to them than ordinary home-life. But this unexciting form of dissipation has not yet taken root to any extent in England, where families are less tolerant of interference and dictation either in the matter of hours or the other details of the social despotism exercised by the firm yet mild-eyed managers of these institutions. A stuffy lodging at the seaside may be humble, but there it no place like it as yet in the British father's eyes. A few hydropathic establishments in England, indeed, do invite visitors, but only units appear at them for the most part; the valetudinarian, the fanciful old maid troubled with nerves, or the young widow in need of a consoler. A family blessed with health would scarcely be contented with their Arcadian simplicity. That the adoption of a hotel life by masculine waifs and strays, such as we find common at the present day, is a custom of recent growth is justly chargeable on hotel keepers themselves. They might have secured the hotel swallow many a long year ago, but they did not take the trouble to offer him a suitable coign of vantage. Only fancy a man in his senses in days which now seem prehistoric, when coaches ran through the land, yet are only forty years ago, deliberately leaving home to dwell in an inn—the "King's Arms" or "Royal Oak." Hotels themselves are quite a recent invention—to be hustled day after day by new-comers in the public room or moped to death by the horseshair splendour of a private room, and then, having eaten the orthodox meal of roast chicken and mutton chops, retiring to slumber in a huge four-post bed hung with air-tight curtains, resembling nothing so much as the funeral car of the Duke of Wellington. In our present enlightenment we should murmur at once of such an one, *Navigel Anticquam*.

Hotel-life may be neither very intellectual nor very æsthetic, but at least it now means airy, well-lighted rooms, a constant change of *menu*, and clean chintz draperies round the tester of a spring mattress; in short, all the material comforts of home on a larger scale. Certain benighted hotels in the provinces still retain the feather-bed, billowy, all-devouring as of old, but they are fast disappearing. It happened to us last summer to sleep at an hotel much-frequented by commercial gentlemen in a town of the North of Scotland, which is more than most Scotch towns given over to them, and with great delight we found that the whole house had just been refurnished in the simple fashion dictated by modern taste, four-posters ignominiously expelled, feather-beds and nailed-down carpets sent packing after them. Cordial was our welcome to the beginning of tubs and fresh air.

It is to such a retreat that the hotel swallow wings his way, taking care, of course, that it is at some health resort or by the sea, and that its *table d'hôte* is unexceptionable. He is in most cases a man without many family ties and in easy circumstances; elderly, perhaps a retired tradesman who has given up business betimes, or a farmer who made big profits before rents were raised and depression visited his brethren. Some swallows become so much attached to their wandering life that they resign all settled homes, and pass the whole year in visiting the cycle of hotels which they have found most to their taste. During winter they woo the mild breezes of St. Leonard's; with March and east winds they fly to Torquay. Cheltenham receives them on their way to Harrogate. Then comes

Scarborough, and through the summer they flock to Scotch hotels, helping to swell the numbers of tourists. With the arrival, however, of August they beat an abrupt retreat southwards. They are not sportsmen, and Scotch inkeepers have a peculiar liking for sportsmen, and manage in a thousand delicate modes to intimate to the swallow that he is no longer welcome. With the end of the London season many swallows return to their favourite hotels, now vacated by men of business or fashion, and prepared to give a warm reception to their old friends. Such an existence would not offer many charms to ordinary men. They would long for something to do, a settled habitation, and the ties of affection. The true hotel swallow rises above these mundane considerations. He eats the best of dinners and goes when he will to a theatre, chats a little with the landlord every morning, and probably a good deal with the lady who presides over the establishment. More than all he takes a duty walk daily, *bene curatè cute*. Nor would an ordinary man greatly long to die at a hotel, although Archbishop Leighton welcomed it as the fitting place for one to die in whose home was elsewhere, and the saints have never been weary of comparing human life to sojourning at an inn. The hotel swallow is at length seized with mortal pains, and gives his watch to the barmaid, who, like a true woman, comforts and nurses him in his last days. Boots tells the waiters "Poor Mr. Smith is dead," and that is the epitaph of the hotel swallow. The world, it may be feared, does not greatly miss him. Would it miss us greatly, important as we deem ourselves in our place and generation?

Perhaps the other type of hotel swallow is the more commonly met, the man who possesses a home in the country, yet spends most of the year at hotels. This one economises at home to live splendidly at his favourite retreat. He devotes himself with more single-mindedness of purpose than the other to the daily end of a hotel swallow, eating a good dinner. In short he vegetates at home in order to ruffle it abroad. He does not generally make much of a breakfast, and will not spoil dinner with luncheon; a glass of Amontillado and a biscuit satisfy his simple wants. Then it is most necessary to take a good deal of walking exercise on the parade or the common, and at length comes the hour of enjoyment, looked forward to during the day as eagerly as ever his evening pipe of opium is longed for by the Chinese labourer. It may be feared that the swallow tries his digestive powers considerably at dinner. Each hotel is mentally distinguished by him with reference to its *carte*, and his life is reckoned by dinners. Enter the coffee-room in the evening, and the hotel swallow is to be discovered in the armchair in a comatose state, his eyes on a newspaper, as he reclines in a swoon of slumberous digestion which recalls the days of the early Roman Empire. The apotheosis of appetite is taking place, many savours and sauces and flavours are once more crowding upon his senses. He sees dimly through the steam of many thousand dinners. That last pint of 1847 port has lifted him far above the petty cares and strifes of the world. But yet he

Bears a seasoned brain about,  
Unsubject to confusion,  
Though soaked and saturated out and out  
Through every convulsion.

Night by night he spends in these Elysian fields with the substantial shapes that minister delicately to the palate. Take your modest chop while he gazes at you with lack lustre eyes, forgetful that he has ever seen you before; nay, that you live in the same parish with him in Clayshire; and as you retire and leave him to his ecstatic visions, which will probably be succeeded by the direst assaults of that mocking fiend, nightmare, be thankful for wife and ten children, a heavy boot and shoe bill, and a very light balance at the bank. These things ensure you the sympathy of your kind; they bring you day by day the exceeding great happiness that springs from the thousand little joys of home. They teach the blessedness of honest labour and the content that is born of thought for others. And when you seek your couch without carrying there inside you a peacock, as the Roman satirist says, light slumbers and a good conscience will effectually prevent you from envying the hotel swallow. Let us devoutly hope, however, that your room is at the other end of the corridor. Just as the owl is quiet by day, but those who approach "her ancient solitary reign" in the hollow ash at night are disturbed by her snores and hootings; so the hotel swallow has an evil habit of exchanging his gentle twitterings during the morning for stertorous utterances that shake his abode at night, and resound like the regular plunge of the waves on a lee-shore.

M. G. W.

## THE FEAST OF SAINT VALENTINE

IN Mr. Pepys' time-honoured diary, under date 14th February, 1667, is the following entry:—"This morning came up to my wife's bedside (I being up dressing myself) little Will Mercer to be her valentine, and brought her name, written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me 5*l*, but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines." This passage is certainly a striking one, as displaying the frankness with which the writer was not ashamed to avow his parsimony, but it is of infinitely more interest to us at the present time in affording proof of the existence and generality in those days of a practice which has been handed down to us through two centuries and more, undiminished in popularity, and with a vitality that appears to boast of perfect immunity from the ravages of time. But we can trace it much further back than this, for we find the day alluded to by Chaucer and Lydgate, while some of the first poetical love-billets that have descended to us were written in 1415 by Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at Agincourt, and confined for several years in the Tower of London. Nor did immortal Shakespeare disdain to succumb to the force of custom, and had the "sweete nymphe of Avon fayre" possessed the slightest foreknowledge of the fame to which her love-sick swain was destined to attain, we may well conceive how she would have been somewhat "inebriated with an exuberance" of a very justifiable pride when she received "her Willy's" valentine, which ought to be a model to those lovers whose only solace is to rush into poetry.

Our mode of celebrating St. Valentine's day is strikingly different from that which obtained in the days of our forefathers long gone by. In the olden time it was customary for young men and maidens to elect on the 14th February sweethearts for the mayoral period of one year, but the method of selection differed from corporate usages in as far as it was lottery-wise. On the eve of the great feast day a number of young unmarried folks would meet together and inscribe upon small pieces of paper the names of an equal number of maids and bachelors, selected, of course, from amongst their acquaintances, and, throwing these billets into a receptacle of some sort, would draw them by lottery—it having been arranged that each should draw the name of one of the opposite sex. The person thus selected naturally became the "valentine" of the drawer; and, besides each getting a sweetheart, it often happened through the universality of the practice that such persons became the "valentines" of others, but, quaintly remarks Misson, a learned traveller in the early part of last century, "the man stuck faster to the valentine that had fallen to him than to her to whom he had fallen." It need hardly surprise us to be told that such playful engagements frequently led up to ones of a more stable and earnest kind, finally consummated at the altar of Hymen; the sequence is perfectly natural, especially as it was a necessary part of the custom that for a whole year a bachelor should remain bound to the service of his "valentine" somewhat after the fashion of a Mediaeval knight of romance to his "lady-love." The post of "valentine"

to a lady of fashion was also in those days no sinecure, as poor Pepys would have told us, and does, indeed, suggest and deplore in his diary. How thankful must he have been that he did not become the valentine of some gaudy butterfly of the female world of fashion, such as, for instance, Miss Stuart (subsequently Duchess of Richmond), of whom he writes:—"The Duke of York, being once her valentine, did give her a jewel of about 800*l*., and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about 300*l*."

That there was much more fun and excitement in this method of celebrating St. Valentine's Day than can be derived from the existing customs is hardly to be doubted, and we can readily imagine there was much more pleasure for the female sex in drawing for valentines such as the Duke of York, "my Lord Mandeville," or a contemporary Rothschild, than falls to their lot in the present day, no matter how numerous are the packets of scented tinsel and satin which they may receive. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela*. Later generations appear to have become more prosaic and apathetic in such matters, and the gallantry of the Middle Ages in this respect seems entirely to have passed away.

The change, probably, is owing in a great measure to the rapid growth of letter communication and the development of postal facilities generally, for the votaries of St. Valentine are now contented to worship at a distance, through the medium of poetic effusions, fancifully painted cards, scented packets, and a whole host of other valentine gimcrackery, and this mode of worship an admirably worked postal service, if it has not actually originated, has certainly fostered and extensively promoted. It were a futile task to attempt even the slightest indication of the multifarious varieties of the wondrously-wrought love tokens manufactured and sold at this season of the year, a fair conception of which will infinitely better be afforded by a passing glance at any of the valentine depôts whose name just now is legion. The traffic in such goods may, no doubt, be harmless enough in itself, but it is nevertheless sad to contemplate the extravagant expenditure it involves in days when money is required for so many better and more urgent purposes. It is, therefore, matter for congratulation to see the revival setting in of the old but commendable fashion of sending pretty and useful presents on the 14th instead of the gaudy and flimsy articles called valentines, and it is to the credit of Norfolk and some other of our eastern counties to state that this custom has long been carried out there. The revival has been initiated in a spirit of compromise, some of our chief valentine manufacturers selling such presents duly enveloped in true valentine fashion, in a mass of lace and satin and flowers and what not. Of such articles, got up in this manner, there is certainly no lack of choice for the dubious mind of a Romeo, or the fastidious taste of a Juliet, and the best advice we can offer on the subject to these individualities is to give their support to the efforts being made to reform the Feast of St. Valentine by discarding the flimsy, pretty, perhaps, but worthless, fabrics in favour of presents whose permanent utility will far eclipse the ephemeral beauty of the former kind of valentine.

The English, being a fun-loving nation, have naturally imported this spirit into their favourite custom, and so long as the *jeu d'esprit* remains pure and simple, little harm can be apprehended. Unfortunately, however, the British mind is very much divided as to what constitutes a joke. For instance, we find it difficult to understand the spirit of mirth which could prompt the perpetration of so ugly and horrible a joke as sending any one a dead rat or mouse, yet some years ago this was an occasional form of valentine humour. Even now, indeed, an inclination for this kind of fun still lingers in the provinces, and any postmaster could tell you of the mice, rats, pigs' trotters, and red herrings, sometimes dressed as babies and decorated with ribbons, which figure among the innumerable articles thrown into the Post Office receptacles about the 14th of February.

We are glad to know, however, that it is a rule of the Post Office to arrest the transit of all openly offensive matter it receives for transmission, so that the delivery of such articles never takes place. And it is to this wise regulation, together with the improved education of the people, through the medium of the School Board and otherwise, that we may probably attribute the marked change for the better in the character of valentines that have passed through the post during the last few years; for it is a fact worth recording that far fewer vulgar valentines are posted now than formerly, while the number of such as the Post Office is really obliged to withhold is small in proportion to the whole quantity annually disposed of.

Although the Feast of St. Valentine is *par excellence* for the enjoyment of the young, still it is hardly for the older members of the community to wholly denounce the day. The custom may disturb the ordinary business of life; yet we must not vent our spleen on an unoffending postman who, "sinking," as he is, "under a load of delicate embarrassments not his own," to quote Charles Lamb's apt remark, is probably more or less tardy in delivering his despatches on the morning of the 14th. Habit is second nature, we are told, and its force is such that the routine of modern society and the affairs of life in general are obliged to give priority to an ancient custom which, far from affording any hope of soon dying out, is every year on the increase. Let those, therefore, who have no part in the festivities of the day regard the matter as cheerfully as possible; for to attempt to struggle against it is nothing short of absurd, and if annoyance is caused by the delay of business letters, important replies anxiously awaited, or documents urgently required, yet there is consolation in the fact that the Feast-day recurs but once a year.

A. G. BOWIE

## MY VALENTINE

STILL the tradition lives,  
And still Love's words are spoken,  
While each true gallant gives  
His lady fair some token:  
So, custom to obey,  
What shall I send my Mary  
Upon this fourteenth day  
Of chilly February?

Some make the Valentine  
A paradise of posies,  
Where scent and lace enshrine  
Forget-me-nots and roses:  
But can you hope for me  
To humour such a whimsey,  
When both of us agree  
In hating what is flimsy?

Then others send their loves  
Mementoes more extensive,  
As fans, six-button gloves,  
Or jewelry expensive:  
But can you wish such pelf,  
Since—by your own confessions—  
You love me for myself,  
And not for my possessions?

Frivolity may dote  
On twaddle about Cupid  
And couplets known by rote,  
But you are not so stupid;  
And as 'twould be absurd  
With grasping girls to rank you,  
I merely send you word  
That—I am quite well, thank you!

JOHN NORMAN





AN APPEAL



WAITING TO SEE THE PRIEST

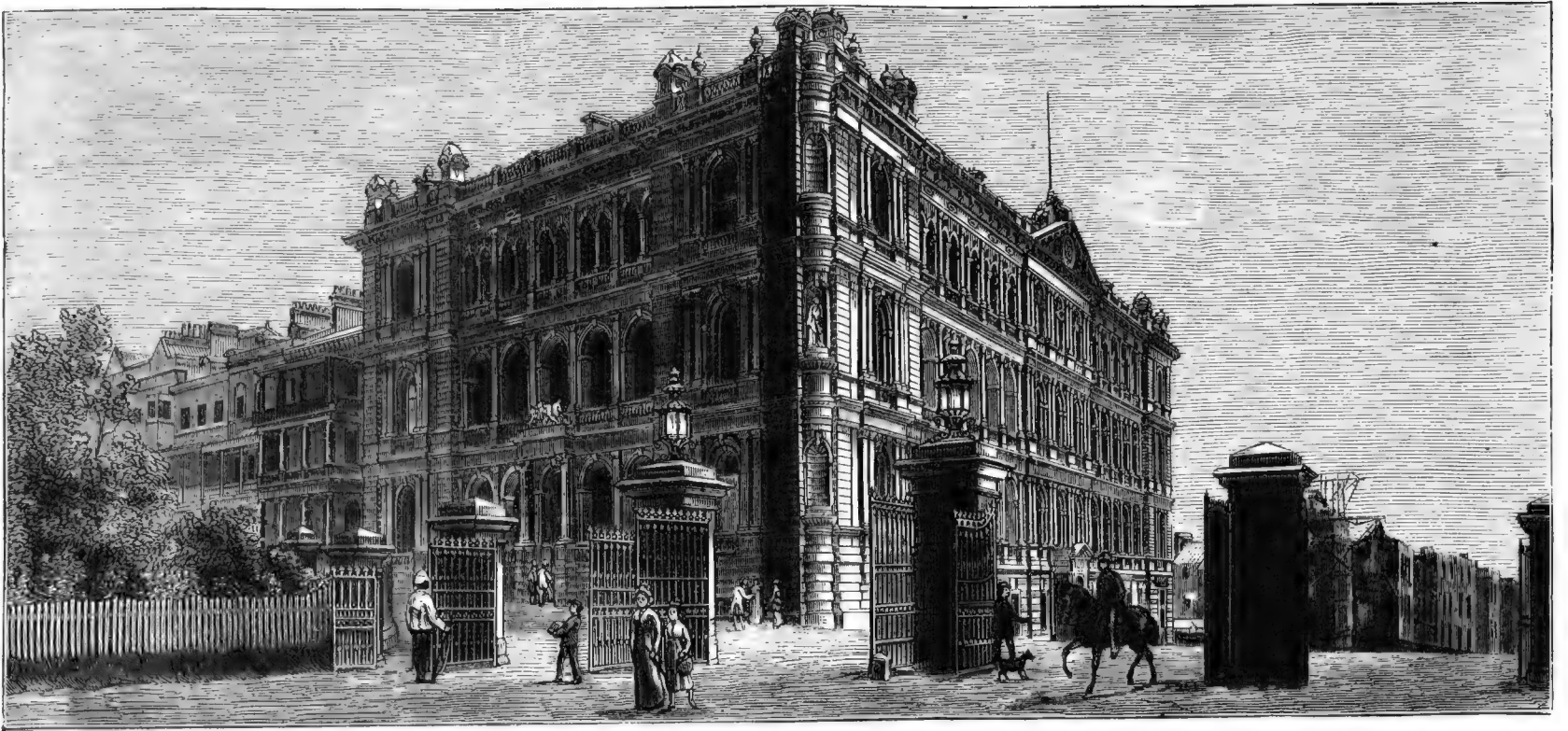


THE SITUATION EXPLAINED

THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND — SKETCHES FROM OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



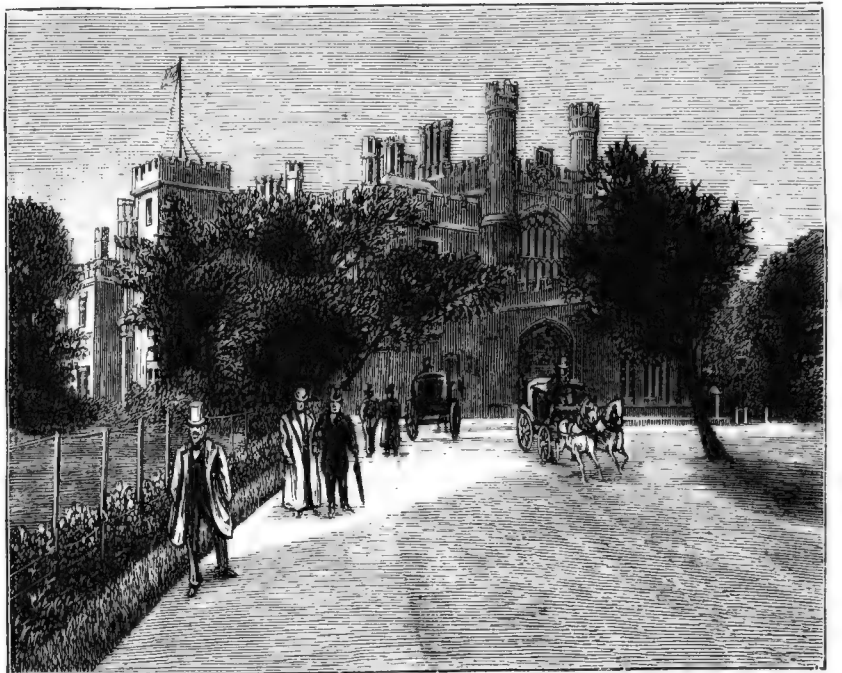
# SYDNEY ILLUSTRATED



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, MACQUARIE STREET



GOVERNMENT HOUSE—GARDEN FRONT



GOVERNMENT HOUSE



THE UNION CLUB



## Sydney Illustrated

### GARDEN FRONT, GOVERNMENT HOUSE

THE gardens in front of Government House have the advantage of being constantly cared for and looked after under the best possible supervision—namely, that of Mr. Charles Moore, Director of the Botanic Gardens. These front gardens are connected by a small wicket gate, sacred to the Governor and his friends, with a public walk round the Domain, and leading to the Botanic Gardens. They closely overlook that portion of the Harbour which is reserved for men-of-war vessels, and form a pleasant approach from the water to Government House, for which purpose, however, they are not open to, or used by, the public, who make their approach to the Viceregal premises by an avenue and carriage road on the other side, or what may be called (*Hibernicé*) the back front. The front gardens are open to the Governor's guests on occasions of reception and entertainment, and add very much for such purposes to the accommodations and facilities possessed by the House itself.

### APPROACH TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE

THE public entrance to the grounds is through a large iron gate from Macquarie Street, whence some three or four hundred yards of a neat and smooth carriage road, deviating very slightly from a right line, lead through smooth borders of green sward, and a pretty shrubbery of pines, Moreton Bay figs, and various other exotics, to a porch, which forms the public entrance to Government House. By this way all vehicles whatsoever, all public personages, bodies, and deputations, people charged with any sort of business, and generally all visitors, approach the Viceregal presence. The porch leads us to a hall, where books are kept for the inscription of names, and where trembling neophytes, or "new chums," as they are popularly termed, first attain the privilege of acquaintance with an august, as well as very worthy and highly respected, functionary, in the person of Joseph the major domo, who has served under many successive Governors, and survived a number, not only of Governorships, but of Ministries, for whose ephemeral pageantries he may be pardoned for entertaining a profound and philosophical contempt. Sentries, furnished from the permanent local Artillery, guard both entrances, probably awaiting the time when some audacious reformer in the shape of a patriotic Minister shall arrive to sweep away these antiquated symbols of a nominal monarchical sovereignty.

### SOIREE AT THE ACADEMY OF ARTS

THESE *soirées* are Art parades, and imitate similar convivialities, if so they can be called, of artistic and scientific associations in the mother country. Art in New South Wales is still in an embryonic shape and condition, so that it is very difficult to prognosticate into what sort of creation or production it will finally develop. The institution at least deserves credit for good intentions, and among its members are men of excellent taste and judgment, but it furnishes another among the many instances of the feebleness and inadequacy of private patronage and enterprise towards the support and encouragement of undertakings of this character, which in Great Britain, at present, no one dreams of expecting the Government to take under its fostering care, but which, in the Australian colonies, it seems, cannot flourish otherwise. The Academy of Arts was first projected as a private enterprise. But it was not long before it went the way of all other such colonial institutions; and it is now regularly subsidised, and, in fact, almost exclusively supported, by an annual Parliamentary grant, varying from 1,000*l.* to 1,500*l.* a year, which is commonly expended in the purchase and importation of a very limited number of what are considered choice pictures from England.

### THE MUSEUM

MAY fairly claim to be considered a handsome building, and more particularly so the latest additions and extensions, notwithstanding its having been exclusively designed and built by the local Architectural Department. As an institution the Museum probably affords more real amusement and instruction combined than any scientific institution of the city. It is especially popular with young people. Its trustees are, perhaps, too numerous for a working body, their numbers being liable to be swelled by unnecessary official increment, and by additions made to gratify the vanity of persons possessed of social or political influence. But there are many good working men among them, whose proceedings are too often made the subject of ignorant and perverse comment and vituperation in the Legislature.

### IMMIGRATION HOME

THE Immigration Home, or Barracks, as the building is commonly called, is the rightful heir and lineal descendant of a convict or penal institution—namely, the Prisoners' Barracks of former days, built in the days of Governor Macquarie. Immigrants are here accommodated for a reasonable time after landing, and are sometimes despatched thence, at public cost, to various *dépôts* in the interior, or along the coast. The management is assailed by constant complaints and animadversion in the newspapers and the Legislature. But Mr. Wise, the official Immigration Agent, has generally contrived to defend himself and his department with perfect success, and the usual result of all inquiries has been to confound and stultify his accusers. The complaints against the management in England have been shown to be not only equally without foundation, but most of them would have been scarcely intelligible, at least to British apprehension, unenlightened by knowledge or suggestion of local circumstances and motives.

### PRESENT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

NEW arrivals, coming up the Harbour for the first time, are very apt to mistake, for Government House itself, the Vice-Regal stables, which consist of a turreted, but otherwise plain white stone building, or series of buildings, of not inelegant appearance, pleasantly enshowered among firs and fig-trees, and standing some hundred yards to the right of, but lower down the Harbour and nearer the water than, the Viceregal residence. The mistake is justified by the fact that these stables were originally built and intended for the purpose supposed. Government House is a handsome building, conveying in some degree, with its accessories, the idea, and doubtless meant in imitation, of the suburban residences of English

noblemen or wealthy squires. The magnificent evergreen figs and lofty pines by which it is surrounded, though not locally indigenous, are from neighbouring colonies, and therefore sufficiently Australian to be appropriate ornaments and accompaniments to the house and grounds. The internal arrangements and accommodations are neither so sumptuous nor so satisfactory to their Viceregal tenants. The reception rooms are numerous and spacious enough not to be greatly crowded at ordinary, or at what are not considered public, or *quasi*-public, entertainments, and to which persons on certain terms of social intimacy with the Governor and his family are from time to time invited; but for the annual May Ball, on occasion of Her Majesty's birthday, at which a more indefinite and indiscriminate concourse of guests assembles, borne thither on the tidal waves of political and municipal influences, and other entertainments of a like character, these rooms are filled to excess, and the inconvenience of course increases annually with the progress of population, colonisation, and responsible government. Only these rooms are furnished at the public cost, and this somewhat scantily, no domestic apparatus or utensils having been hitherto provided, it having been considered that the salary of seven thousand a year was ample enough to include all such minor requirements. Out of this salary the general impression is that the Governor can, or ought to, save about three thousand a year. Whether the temporary increase of Viceregal expenditure involved by the Exhibition will be specially considered and provided for out of public funds, or whether it will, under the auspices of a "Liberal" Ministry—by the way, all Ministries are "Liberal" in Australia—tend to establish permanently a more generous provision in future for the domestic requirements of Government House, is a question which will probably crop out, and have to be settled, during the current Session of the local Legislature. British politicians may smile at the importance attached in colonies to these questions of public expenditure upon a Governor's House and domestic necessities. But it is not many years since a highly popular Administration was roughly called to account, and somewhat rudely shaken, by the question of authorised purchase, out of the public funds, of a piano for one of the reception rooms, which, by the exuberant patriotism and economical proclivities of the Legislative Assembly of that day, was held to be an instrument not capable under the existing circumstances of being properly turned to any public purpose. The storm blew over, but Ministers ever since have been very chary of all appropriations in the least approximating to any appearance of ministering to the Governor's domestic uses. At a still earlier period of responsible Government, more violent parliamentary and public excitement was aroused by the discovery that the Governor's public country residence, or, as it was called, Government House, at Paramatta, a country town fifteen miles from Sydney, was not used, as had been the practice under preceding Governors, by the then Governor, or his family, as a residence at all, but had been let, and the proceeds, perhaps neither wrongly nor unnaturally, appropriated to the Governor's private use. Upon this critical question the Ministry were within an ace of resigning. And the result was that the Paramatta Government House and grounds lapsed or reverted into the general category of public landed property, and have never since been resided in or used in any way by the Governor personally, some of the land having been handed over to a local municipality for purposes of public recreation, under the designation of "Paramatta Park."

### AN OLD DANCE IN A NEW COUNTRY

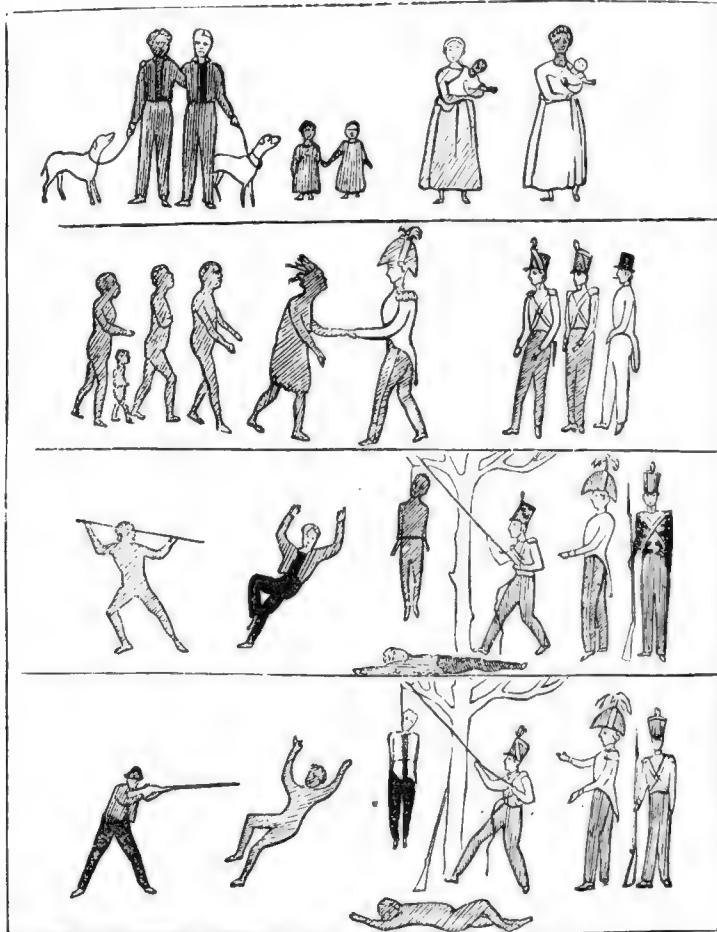
ONE of the most successful of the entertainments given by Lord Loftus on his arrival as Governor of New South Wales was a *soirée* and ball on the occasion of the opening of the Exhibition. The pretty ball-room and reception hall at Government House were thronged with perhaps the most brilliant assembly Sydney has ever seen. The Governors of South Australia and Tasmania and suites, the representatives of the many European nations at the Exhibition, also several distinguished guests from all parts of the great Australasian world, were present. The youth and beauty of New South Wales made the rooms brilliant with the latest modes from London and Paris. So perfect were they in costume and pretty in face and figure, that a stranger could hardly realise that he was fourteen thousand miles away from the European centre of fashion.

The bands of the war-ships *Wolverine* and the *Bismarck* played the latest things in vales, &c. Towards the end of the entertainment, Commodore Wilson, the most popular of Her Majesty's officers out here, especially at a dance, started dear old Sir Roger de Coverley, out of compliment to the mother land; and never was this old romp more spiritedly or energetically gone through than by our gallant brothers and charming sisters of the new country.

The remainder of our engravings, with one or two exceptions, have already been fully described, either in our first Sydney Supplement, which appeared December 10th, 1879, or in our issue of January 10th, 1880, so that very brief explanations will suffice on this occasion. The so-called Circular Quay, though it is in actual fact a semi-circular quay, is situated at the head of Sydney Cove, and occupies the site on which the original settlement was made in 1788. It has a length of 3,100 feet, and here vessels of the largest size from all parts of the world discharge their cargoes. Although we hear a great deal of the Chinese in Australia, they are not really very numerous. For example, in New South Wales they only number 7,000, out of a population of upwards of 700,000. In Sydney they occupy what is, according to colonial chronology, an antique part of the city, where wooden shanties, suggestive of the early years of this century, are still to be found. The Chinese are quiet and in-lustrous, they dress like white folks, and their manufacture of furniture is highly appreciated.—Governor Davey's Proclamation to the Aborigines (1816) is a quaint document, recalling early days when blackfellow were still numerous between Sydney and Paramatta. In the top section the desired friendship between the white and black races is forcibly illustrated. A white

youth appears arm in arm with a black youth, a white woman is nursing a black baby, a black woman is nursing a white baby. In the next section the Governor and his Staff are cordially receiving a native deputation. In the two lower sections the impartiality of the British law is depicted. Death by hanging is equally awarded to the blackfellow who spears a white man, and also to the white man who shoots a blackfellow.—St. James's Church is not architecturally imposing. It was built at the same period as the Immigration Home, and is an ugly building, of red brick, with an inordinate amount of steeple, which forms a conspicuous object at a considerable distance.—The Free Library, which was opened by the Earl of Belmore in 1869, contains about 20,000 volumes, forming the most valuable collection of books in the colony. It is open daily from 10 A.M. till 10 P.M. except on the usual public holidays, and is visited daily by an average number of 200 persons. Visitors are allowed to take the books which they require from the shelves, but, to avoid misplacing and annoyance, the volumes must be put back by the official attendants.—The Abattoirs, or Slaughtering Houses, are on Globe Island, at the head of Johnston's Bay, and were erected in order that this highly necessary but repulsive business might be carried on at some distance from the city. The abattoirs consist of two long ranges of stone buildings, in one of which sheep are killed, in the other cattle. There are well-secured pens and yards for stock. A solid embankment connects the island with Balmain, and a wooden bridge with Pyrmont.—Petty's Hotel was established in 1834 at Church Hill, almost in the heart of the older portion of the city. It is a plain, unpretentious-looking building, but has always enjoyed a high reputation, is resorted to by distinguished visitors, and is the *rendezvous* of wealthy squatters.—Although a much longer thoroughfare,

### GOVERNOR DAVEY'S PROCLAMATION TO THE ABORIGINES, 1816



"Why, Massa Guberner," said Black Jack, "you Proclamation all gammon. How blackfellow read him? eh! He no learn him read book."

"Read that then," said the Governor, pointing to a picture.

Macquarie Street is to Sydney what Downing Street is to London, that is, the site of the principal Government offices. It comprises the Parliament House, in which both branches of the Legislature sit, the Royal Mint, the Crown Law Offices, the Treasury, and several hospitals or infirmaries, which latter it is intended to replace with new Parliamentary and official buildings, so as to bring nearly all the public offices within easy reach of each other.—The three principal clubs of Sydney, the Australian, the Union, and the Reform, are all situated close together. Of these the Australian is the oldest, and is considered the most aristocratic. There is, however, no great difference between the Australian and Union clubs in social standing and characteristics, many of the members being, in fact, common to both, and each being equally open to distinguished visitors. The Australian is said to be the more quiet and cosy, the Reform the more lively and progressive. The Duke of Edinburgh preferred the Union. The Reform Club is less wealthy and pretentious than the other two, but more openly inclined to politics, though not exclusively devoted to any one class or section of opinion.

ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-FOUR CENTENARIANS are now living in France. Widows and widowers appear to have the best chance of longevity, for there are 114 of the former and 40 of the latter, while there are 22 old maids, 10 married women, 5 bachelors, and 3 married men.

A MIRACULOUS SYRINGA-TREE grows near a Lama Monastery at Kumbum in China, and was lately visited by the Hungarian explorer, Count Béla Széchenyi, during a trip through the Chinese frontier provinces. This tree is supposed to have sprung from the earth five hundred centuries since, at the birth of Ghyen-Bucsis, the great reformer of Buddhism, and has worked numerous miracles, the last being for the benefit of a mandarin, who discovered a leaf bearing a perfect portrait of Buddha. The Lamas derive considerable income from their tree, as pilgrims come from far and wide, while the fallen leaves, blossoms, and twigs falling are ground into powder, and sold as efficacious cures, at enormous prices. Count Széchenyi, however, very cunningly got up early one morning, while the guardians of the tree were asleep, cut off a whole branch, and made off with his prize.



## THE FORGET-ME-NOT'S MESSAGE

His home was where the river brawled,  
And wild fowl rose in flocks;  
And hers was where it stately sailed  
By trim-cut yew and box;  
Hers were the fertile meadow-lands,  
And his the rugged rocks.

She was a Countess, passing fair,  
Of ancient pedigree;  
And as she walked amid her flowers,  
As far as eye could see,  
From East to West, from North to South,  
Her lands stretched fair and free.

He, too, was of an ancient house,  
A silent man and proud;  
Whose barren acres scarce repaid  
The labour he bestowed;  
And oft in silence he had withered  
'Neath poverty's sharp goad.

"'Tis cursed wealth," he sighed one day,  
"That seals my lips so fast!"  
Then, leaning o'er the foaming rill  
That babbled gaily past,  
Into its restless snowy breast  
A bunch of flowers he cast.

"And hasten, blue forget-me-nots,  
Where she I love doth dwell;  
Oh! softly whisper in her ear  
The tale I may not tell.  
Tell her, her wealth hath hemmed her round,  
Like wizard's magic spell!"

The merry streamlet hastened on,  
The flowers danced to and fro;  
But when it reached her garden ground  
It lingered, loth to go,  
And in and out it softly wound,  
With plaintive voice and low.

The lady in her garden walked,  
All in the noontide sweet;  
Then wandered to the river's edge  
Which rose in wavelets fleet,  
To cast a bunch of foam-flecked flowers,  
Like sapphires, at her feet.

And then it, laughing, hastened on  
To gain the distant sea;  
And whispered to the alders hoar,  
And to the willow-tree;  
Until the West Wind heard the tale,  
And bore it o'er the lea.

The lady stooped and raised the flowers  
With dainty finger tips;  
"Thanks, river, thanks," she blushing cries,  
And to her chamber trips;  
But ere she placed them in her breast  
She pressed them to her lips.

The evening sun had sought the woods  
When forth she strayed again;  
The ring-dove to the robin's palm  
Was murmuring Amen;  
The bleating of my lady's flocks  
Was heard from hill and plain.

Beyond her hedge of yew and box  
A horseman she espied,  
Who often past her fair domains  
Would slow and lingering ride;  
Now at her word of greeting shy  
He drew rein at her side.

Then softly said she, "Would you care  
To see my roses red?"  
And soon among her borders bright  
The happy moments fled;  
While brightly rose the summer moon  
And kissed her golden head.

But ever in his mind there rose  
The great gulf fixed between:—  
"She is as far removed from me  
As yonder orb'd Queen;  
I have life's rocks," he bitter thought,  
"And she its pastures green!"

She stooped and culled her blossoms gay,  
And half his secret guessed;  
"He is a man,—'tis he should speak;"  
And then a sigh, suppressed,  
Like lightest wind-breath stirred the flowers  
She wore upon her breast.

And then she spoke, while in her hand  
She took the blossoms blue,  
"These flowers—they are forget-me-nots—  
I from the river drew,  
See, half of them I keep myself,  
And half I give to you!"

"Alas!" he said, "my stony land  
No brighter blossom shows,  
Or I had ventured forth to launch  
A lily or a rose,  
Symbol of what is fit for thee,  
The best on earth that grows."

And then not e'en his own bleak rocks  
More passionless could stand,  
She stole a glance at that dark face,  
Impassive, still, and grand,  
Then laid a lily and a rose  
Half open in his hand.

"If roses bloomed where now," she said,  
"Forget-me-nots we see,  
Sweet type of what is purest, best,  
The gift you'd tender free,  
And yet I think forget-me-nots  
From you, are more to me."

See, one besides the rising moon  
Hath kissed her golden locks,  
Ah! hasten, hasten, laughing rill,  
To quit the rugged rocks,  
And linger lover-like among  
The yew and close-clipt box.

L. A. JOHNSTONE



**FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.**—In the production of these two articles of consumption is thought by not a few persons to lie the farmer's hope of profit for the future. Now, without going into the question of mean profit, we would point out the riskiness of the procedure. How many Kentish farmers can afford to rely on hops alone? One year may give him a thousand profit on a comparatively small acreage. The next year nearly the same sum may be thrown away, the hops costing absolutely more to pick than they will fetch when gathered. With fruit it would be very much the same. What crops of apples, of plums, of cherries, or of bush-fruit were there last year? And what this very winter has been the loss through frost of vegetables, of cauliflowers, of broccoli, of Brussels sprouts, of savoy, of celery? Not more than thrice in a century will wheat be much less than two-thirds of a crop, nor much more than four-thirds. And this is the sort of crop which, if it can be grown at a profit at all, best suits the small farmer. Speculative growths, which mean a big profit or a big loss, are for capitalists and large proprietors.

**THE STATE OF THE SOIL.**—Soils throughout the United Kingdom, of course, vary extremely, but on the whole the ground may be considered in a satisfactory state for farm work. As January had a rainfall much below the average, and left the ground drier than it found it, the recent rains cannot be regarded as unfavourable. In many districts they may be said to have been called for. The temperature of some recent days has been healthily stimulating to vegetation, which, however, remains very backward.

**PLOUGHBOY FARMERS.**—The Leicester School Board have just spent 20,000*l.* in purchasing and starting a farm for the training in agriculture of the boys under their care. This is very nice for everybody, with perhaps the solitary exception of the Leicester ratepayers.

**THE HIGHWAY ACT AND MR. CLARE S. READ.**—While they have doubtless imparted to him much valuable information on their own country, the Americans have in no sense succeeded in robbing Mr. Clare S. Read of his native vigour and common sense. His report to the Royal Commission will hardly allow that exalted body to entertain any doubts as to the real pressure of American competition. At present, however, Mr. Read is silent on the subject. At the Chamber of Agriculture meeting he confined his remarks to the Highway Act, which he said was badly administered, should not be left to the Quarter Sessions, should have been preceded by a good County Government Bill, and needed immediate alteration. The Turnpike rate fell with crushing severity upon the smaller parishes, and the present position of affairs was full of injustice.

**FIELD GATES.**—The decay of field gates is frequently, perhaps usually, due to longitudinal cracks, into which the rain gets, "and rotting inwards, slowly moulders all." A good way of avoiding this is to chamfer off the upper angles of the top bar, and then to place on it a piece of angle iron, angle upwards, passing through the front and back rails, and well secured by nuts. This not only throws off the wet, but makes the gate very strong. The extra expense is not serious, and is over and over again repaid in the longer wearing and endurance of the stronger gate.

**WORMS.**—A little mustard-and-water, poured on a particular spot of ground, will quickly bring worms to the surface. This may sometimes be useful to get worms out of flower-pots. We cannot say, however, whether mustard-and-water is injurious to plants in pots.

**IMPROVING LAWNS.**—A top dressing of mixed leaf mould, old stable manure, wood ashes, and soot is very strengthening where the grass is not too thin, but when the latter is the case, a good lawn mixture should be sown—rather over a bushel to the acre. This should be done in the early spring.

**FOWLS IN WINTER.**—Many fowls die about this time through having been kept too warm during the midwinter frosts. Fire pipes, confinement in greenhouses, and artificial warming generally are most enervating. Straw inside, list round most exposed parts and at crevices of the fowl-house, are enough protection even for Brahmas.

**RURAL AFFAIRS IN PARLIAMENT.**—The Queen's Speech has disappointed most agriculturists. Its reference to a prospective alteration in the Settled Estates Act of 1877 has not satisfied Radicals, and it has not pleased Conservatives. Another Land Transfer Act seems to be promised; but compulsory land registration would certainly excite a tremendous outcry, and no other plan seems, from numerous precedents, to have even a fair chance of success.

**THE FARMERS' CLUB** heard on Monday week a capital paper read concerning America. The author was fresh from the United States. He had with him a friend, an American, and a large cattle dealer from Maine was also present, besides many others well acquainted with the resources of the great West. Yet opinions were divided on two chief points: whether wheat could be profitably grown and brought to our ports under 42*s.*, and best beef under 9*d.* per pound. The American authorities said "No." Yet, as comment, several speakers observed that both corn and meat were often brought under those prices, and that 35*s.* for wheat, 25*s.* for maize per quarter, and 6*d.* per pound for beef must be reckoned the level at which English farmers would have to compete.

**MUTTON CHOPS FROM AUSTRALIA** at 6*d.* per pound are now on offer from a cargo lately arrived under the refrigerating process. Those we saw had been fifty days enclosed, and to smell, sight, and touch were tempting to the point that we wanted to eat them. Several expert judges had the same opinion and appetite, so that the present experiment was regarded as completely successful.

**THE BLACK-POLLED CATTLE** of TILLYFOUR have lost their master and friend, Mr. Wm. McCombie, elected in 1868 M.P. for Aberdeenshire. The group of his prize cattle in Paris in 1878 was illustrated in *The Graphic*. His success at this International Exhibition was the crowning triumph of some 500 prizes.

**THE UNITED LAND COMPANY.**—This association propose to pay a dividend of 6 per cent. for the year 1879. The Conservative Land Society is likewise in a prosperous condition.

**THE NEW FOREST.**—The valuable appointment of Deputy-Surveyor of the New Forest has been bestowed upon the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, a son of Lord Harewood.

**POTATOES.**—Farmers are already beginning to think about spring planting of potatoes, and are securing American and other foreign samples for seed. American potatoes, however, are somewhat dangerous, owing to their tendency to disease. In spite of this, their handsome appearance attracts many buyers. Potato planting is a slow piece of work; it may safely, indeed, be said that wheat can be got in ten times as fast. It is, therefore, as well to get on with spring planting. When the time for spring corn sowing comes the farmer should be free to give all fair days to the task. The potato planting in Ireland should certainly not be neglected, for it is desirable that the crop in that country should be as early as possible.

**FRENCH VIEWS OF AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS.**—The French Society of Agriculturists have just begun their Session for the New Year. The Marquis de Dampierre took the chair, and after alluding to the loss sustained to European agriculture by the death of M. Leonce de Laverne, proceeded to a review of the situation. The gist of his remarks was that agriculturists required not protection, but simple fairness. The noble chairman urged with much cogency that *either* agriculturists should have a share in the protective duties accorded to other industries, or should receive diminutions of taxation equivalent to their protection. M. de Laverne has left 1,100*l.* to be applied towards the encouragement of scientific farming and the general extension of agricultural knowledge. M. Pouyer-Quertier has been promoting a "protection for home agriculture" movement in the provinces. As the English are somewhat fond of alluding to foreign countries as "frightful examples" of this or that economic error, it may be worth noting that "To what Free Trade has brought English farmers" has been the leading text of M. Pouyer-Quertier's discourses.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"POEMS AND DRAMATIC SKETCHES," by Joseph Kindon (Newman), is a volume which opens with a pretentious preface preparing the reader for no great amount of instruction or pleasure. The principal piece is a fragmentary sacred drama, entitled "Ishmael," which has nothing to recommend it, and none of the incidental verses call for notice.

By its very nature "Memories of Albert the Good," stanzas by Alexander Backler (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), is removed from the pale of criticism. It is a eulogium on the late Prince Consort, most disagreeable to read because it is printed in *blue*!

There is a good deal of fire in some of the poems contained in "Lays and Legends of Cheshire," by John Leigh (John Heywood); and the author has sometimes caught the true old ballad melody. "The Palmer and the Peveril" is admirable in this direction. But why should Mr. Leigh attempt archaic spelling,—of which he seems utterly ignorant,—without necessity? Why should he insert such *galimatias* as "The Railway Engine,"—which is nearly as bad as Walt Whitman? And why did he not ask some Scots friend to teach him the proper pronunciation of "Oban?"

There is little or nothing to be said in favour of "Cædmon, Ralph, and Other Poems," by A. W. Irwin (Charing Cross Publishing Company). The author has a certain amount of facility—which is likely to prove fatal in his octosyllabics. He entirely spoils the beautiful story of Cædmon's awakening by his cumbrous mythological machinery. "Ralph" is simply ridiculous; the robbed miser hangs long enough upon the fallen tree to deliver an extremely dull monologue, after which the robbers pelt his corpse with gold, and become respectable members of society! It is almost past belief that any translator should so fully have lost the point as Mr. Irwin has done in his rendering of the last lines of La Fontaine's first fable.

"The Weed," a poem by Charles Palmer (C. Kegan Paul), is extremely clever. The author has based himself upon the best models, and we do not fail to recognise some touches of the sweetness of Goldsmith, of whom he is evidently a worthy pupil. It may be guessed that a eulogium of tobacco is the subject, and Mr. Palmer is somewhat in error when he says

None as yet of all the rhyming tribe  
Have dared my theme, thy pleasures to describe.

because both Marlowe and Chapman have done so. But this is a clever poem, replete with wit and sound in sentiment. Nothing could be more humorous than the description of the first Englishman's attempt at a pipe (page 50); whilst some of the lines on Oliver Cromwell demand quotation; *e. g.*—

Greatly tempted, thou didst greatly fall,  
And to a throne through blackest treason crawl;  
Compass thy monarch's end; abused thy trust;  
So trailed thy tainted honour in the dust,  
That, though great virtues thy great crimes oppose,  
Not all Carlyle's grotesque bombastic prose,  
Waller's sweet strain, or Dryden's flattering rhyme,  
Not even grand old Milton's verse sublime,  
Can from thy brow efface the brand of Cain,  
Cleanse from thy bloody hands the damning stain.

It is most likely that "Sketches in Verse," by Henry Gramshaw (Jarrold and Sons), was printed for private circulation; it is not probable that its range will be more extended. Mr. Gramshaw's blank verse has a way of usually rhyming, and we should suppose that he modelled his style upon that of Dr. Watts. One "poem" begins—

Those evening bells, those evening bells,  
How to my heart their chiming tells,

and we seem to have heard something like that before. Some of the pieces have, it would appear, been already published in "Little Folks." It is an interesting psychological fact that, judging from the text, the author is in the habit of holding puppies up to hear them squeak.

A little volume which may be recommended to all readers is "Select Epigrams from Martial," translated by W. T. Webb, M.A. (Macmillan). We think Mr. Webb has erred on the side of proximity in places; but on the whole it is well done.

We have also a second edition of a volume of verse, entitled "Lebanon Leaves;" and a third of one called "Tendrils in Verse," both by Ebenezer Palmer (C. S. Palmer). The author would seem to be a Dissenter of devout mind, with no special poetic faculty. The former volume is intended to bear upon every day of the year; but many of the principal festivals have no distinctive mark.

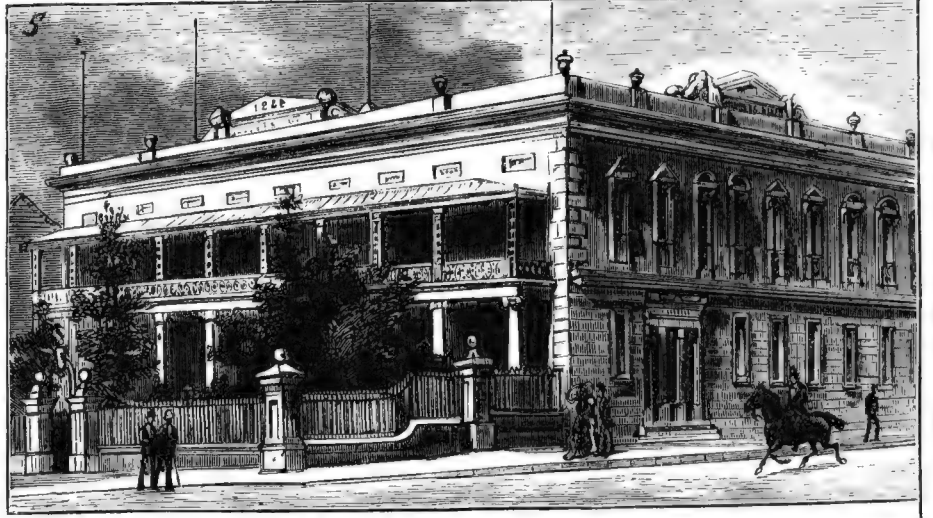
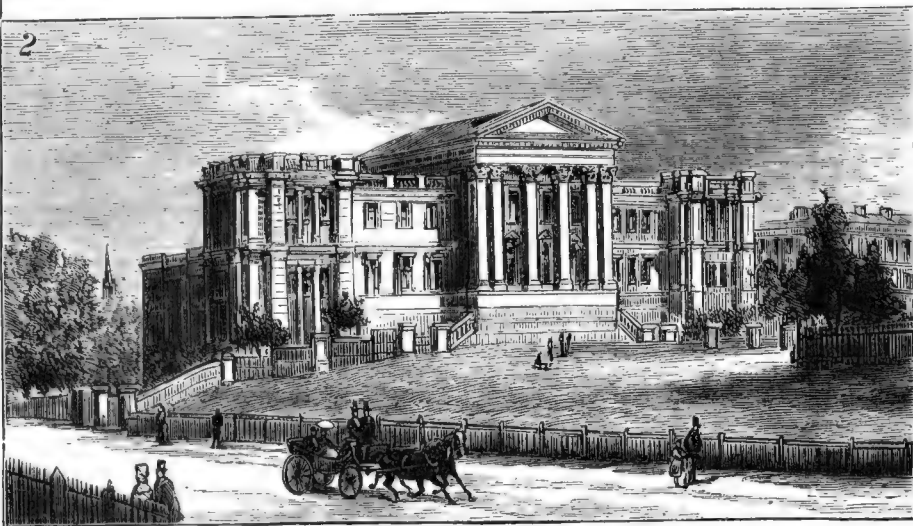
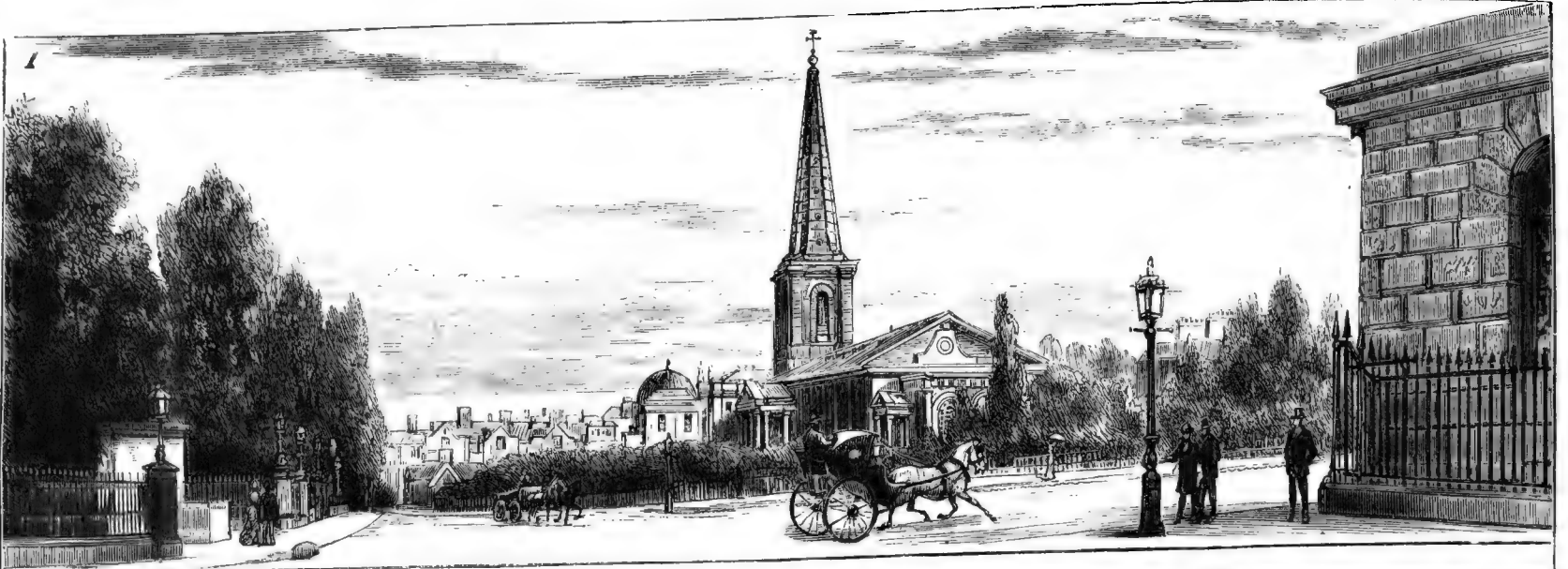
There are also a series of little volumes, of different prices, all representing the same publication, viz., the "Church Sunday School Hymn Book, with School Liturgy" (Church of England Sunday School Institute). The hymns are rather meagre, especially as regards the Sacramental portion; otherwise, granting the propriety of Sunday Schools, the work is tolerably well done. But is there not, after all, a provision in the Prayer Book for catechising in the Church?

Mr. John N. Fazakerley's English version of "La Fontaine's Fables, and 'Les Orientales' by Victor Hugo" (Kerby and Eudean), is very good, and likely to prove useful to French Teachers.

A PRIMITIVE NATION inhabits the State of Chiapas in Southern Mexico, through which will run the new railway across the Tehuantepec Isthmus. These people, according to the New York *Christian Union*, do not possess a particle of iron, or anything in the shape of iron industry. Nails are unknown, all woodwork is held together by cord or vine tendrils, not a single blacksmith can be found for 80 miles round the capital, Palenque, and even the native cake, the *tortilla*, is prepared by grinding the maize between stones.

THE RECENT OUTBREAK OF PLAGUE IN ASTRAKHAN cost Russia 80,000*l.* From January to April, 1879, General Loris Melikoff was Governor-General of the province, being occupied in checking the spread of the epidemic, and the expenses of these four months are noted by the *Sanitary Record*. Thus the sanitary cordons and the quarantine arrangements cost 40,000*l.*; the surveillance of the Volga, 2,400*l.*; the salaries of the *employés* and medical staff amounted to 10,000*l.*; and the purchase of drugs to 3,600*l.*, while the remainder was spent in the transport of troops to maintain order, and in assistance and indemnities to the inhabitants of villages and farms, &c., destroyed as a precautionary measure.

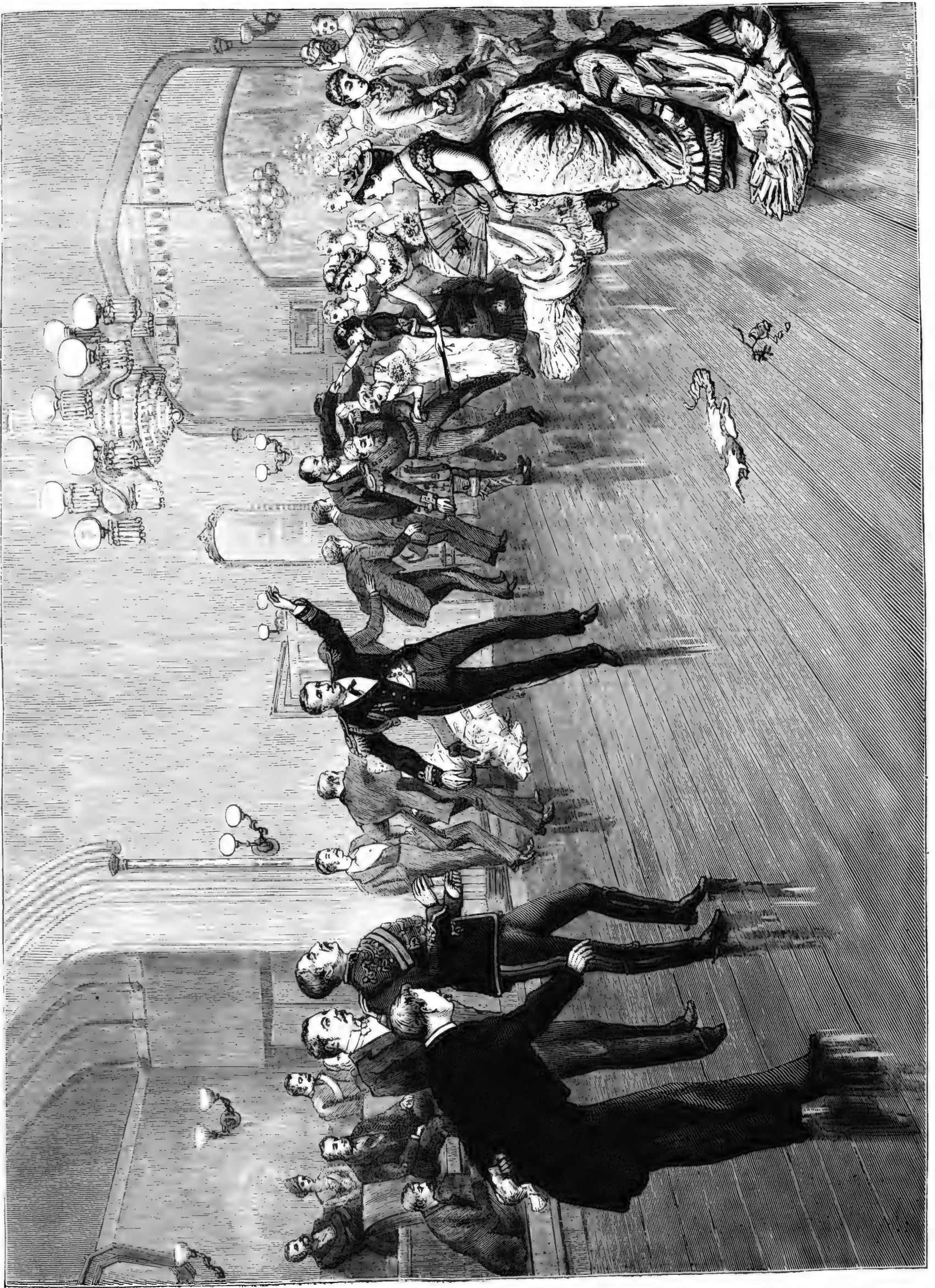




1. St. James's Church, King Street.—2. The Museum.—3. The Free Library, Macquarie Street.—4. The Slaughtering Houses.—5. Petty's Hotel.—6. The Immigration Home.

SYDNEY ILLUSTRATED





SYDNEY ILLUSTRATED—AN OLD DANCE IN A NEW COUNTRY  
"SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY" AS DANCED AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE DURING THE EXHIBITION FESTIVITIES





"CONFIDENCE," by Henry James, Jun. (Chatto and Windus).—It requires but little effort of memory to compare Mr. James' later with his earlier works. Novel follows novel with alarming rapidity, and the consequence is not merely a certain looseness of workmanship, but a decided similarity between his leading characters. It may be that he is desirous of emulating Miss Braddon in the multiplicity of her books, avoiding only the improbable sensationalism which gains for that lady a certain reputation. In spite of his faults, there is a great charm in Mr. James' books; as Bret Harte gives us the inner life of the Californian miner, so Mr. James gives us bright sunny pictures of the American aristocracy, and the specimens he brings before us are in their way equally attractive. As a landscape painter in words Mr. James has few equals; a great traveller, he has carried with him vivid impressions of both hemispheres, and he conveys his readers north and south, east and west, with consummate facility. No American novelist has endeavoured to grapple with European scenery, and it is improbable that any other one would succeed even if he tried. The book is not overburdened with characters, and the tale is carried consecutively to an end. At the quaint little Italian town of Siena, we first are introduced to the three principal people in the plot. Bernard Longueville, a young American with a certain artistic talent, prompted by the vision of a fair girl standing right in the centre of his foreground, begs her to grant him a short sitting to enable him to make a "study." In the model he finds a *compatriote*, and when the sketch is dashed off, instead of resting in the artist's portfolio, it is carried off as treasure trove by the girl's mother. Months afterwards Bernard is summoned to Baden by his bosom friend, Gordon Wright, who he finds has also met with the same *Americaine*, and has determined to make her his wife. The scenes at Baden are prettily told, and the vivacious Blanche, even with her heavy English admirer, serve as capital foils to the rather wearisome conversation of the other trio. It is patent to the most casual observer that the short interview at Siena has laid the foundation of a strong attachment between Miss Vivian and Bernard, but these young people do not see it. Even when Mr. Wright, Bernard's bosom friend, marries the sprightly Blanche, the obtuse American fails to realise his own feelings, and it is not until a chance meeting on the sands of a Norman watering place affords him an opportunity for once more gazing on Miss Vivian's "profile," shaded by a monstrous parasol, that he awakens to the true sense of his position. She apparently has long since gauged her own, but is doubtful of his, and before he has an opportunity of disclosing his sentiments the Vivians have fled to Paris. With laudable pertinacity not uncommon in these days, Bernard follows her, and makes the *amende honorable* for his strange blindness. Once more his bosom friend appears on the scene, and in what we may charitably call a temporary fit of insanity, proposes that he should divorce his volatile wife, and marry Miss Vivian himself, for he conceives he has prior claims on her. To this extraordinary proposition the young lady appears to agree, and Bernard, trustful even under these circumstances, runs over to London, whilst Miss Vivian indulges in a plot to re-unite Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wright. The divorce does not come off; on the contrary, the semi-attached couple become more attached than ever, and float away up the Nile, and so out of the book, whilst Bernard and Angela pursue the even tenour of the ways which lead to matrimony. The plot, it will be seen, is extremely weak, and many of the scenes are absolutely impossible; this is the fault of too great haste. In spite of these defects Mr. James has given us a capital novel, and as in these days good novels are scarce, we are proportionately gratified, and cordially recommend "Confidence" to those of our readers who can appreciate good English, unflavoured with sickly sensationalism.

"The Brown Hand and the White," by Mrs. Compton Reade (Chapman and Hall).—We presume there are people in this sublimity sphere who resemble the characters depicted in this novel, for ourselves we are fain to confess that, in our many wanderings over many lands, we have failed to meet their like. The literary young lady, aged three-and-twenty, who writes leading articles on foreign politics for the small remuneration of seven-and-sixpence a column, is remarkable as much for the versatility of her genius as for the moderation of her demands. The denizens of Grub Street, we know, are (and here we write feelingly) scarcely rewarded according to their merits, even in these days of high prices; but if female emancipists flood the editorial chambers with leaders at seven-and-sixpence a column, the profits of newspaper proprietors will soon be simply fabulous—such a prospect should be sufficient to induce Messieurs Delane and Mowbray Morris to rise from their graves, and join Mr. John Walter once more at the weekly Wednesday dinners in Printing House Square. If we eliminate the eminently impossible heroes and heroines who grace the book, "The Brown Hand and the White" on the whole is not unreadable; indeed, there are many possibly good judges who would consider it an excellent novel. We, however, are unappreciative, and must own that it scarcely rises above mediocrity.

"Heriot's Choice," by Miss Carey (Bentley and Co.).—This is a work which at the outset commands the good will of the reviewer (we use the small R to avoid appearances of ostentation); the type is clear and well leaded out, there is a broad clear margin grateful to the eye, and the pages are cut, consequently, a frame still unexhausted from the use of the paper knife lends to the brain a healthful alliance, which promises to secure a graceful victory for the author. Even had Messrs. Bentley omitted to add their mite towards strengthening Miss Carey's claims on our gratitude, the remembrance of her previous efforts would have raised in our hearts a kinder feeling, and smoothed down those asperities which are inherent in the temper of the critic—alas! that it should be so. But "Heriot's Choice" disarms criticism. Miss Carey's women are women in the noblest sense of the word, and her men are men. Few will read the work without feeling that the characters therein portrayed are drawn from life—fortunately for us there are few homes which have not an Aunt Milly ever ready to cheer and to comfort. The wayward Polly is a delightful creature; her intense reverence for her guardian leads her to imagine she feels for him a warmer affection, and he, having learned for years to exact her confidence, is in like manner betrayed into a spurious passion. Little by little it dawns upon him that he has made a grand mistake, and finally he learns that the artless maiden has unconsciously given away her heart to her quondam boy lover, and hence, with the nobility which stamps Dr. Heriot's character throughout the work, he releases the child from her promise. Miss Carey paints her characters with loving and natural fidelity, and around a simple story of North Country life weaves a web of the most intense interest.

"Orlando," by Clementina Black (Smith, Elder, and Co.).—This is a powerfully written story, and, when once the authoress has fairly grasped her work, becomes most interesting: it rivets the attention to the end. Miss Black delineates her characters with rare truthfulness, an unusual accomplishment for the ordinary lady novelist. Orlando, the boy Undergraduate who travels with a well-thumbed copy of the *Odyssey* in his pocket, and quotes doggerel verse from the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" to his sister's school friends, is a very fair specimen of piggy-b young Oxford, and, though a very possible, is a very unenviable character. Captain Groves, the villain of the play, in spite of the taint of blackguardism

which pervades his life, is a man of some mettle; few can admire him, and yet how many Captain Groves do we meet in every day life—men, gentlemen, in all but heart! Mr. Sherborne, Orlando's father, is a typical old English squire, thoughtful for all but himself, a man deserving of a nobler son. Elizabeth Glendinning, a tenderly-drawn young English lady, whose character is as sweet as her face is fair, commands all our sympathy. Ere she has learned the ways of the world, her young heart has been won by the specious wiles of the scoundrel Groves; loyal to her word, she yet remains true to him, long after she has discovered the utter worthlessness of his character, and he lives on, apparently with the only object of making her life a burden to her. The one fault in the book is its length; all that Miss Black has to say might well have been said in two volumes. Although we shall always welcome works from her pen, we trust she will in future remember the old adage concerning brevity. It is as necessary to the novelist as to the punster.

"Mrs. Lancaster's Rival" (Sampson Low and Co.).—The authoress of "Mrs. Lancaster's Rival" generally writes something well worth reading, and this last work of hers is no exception to the rule. She, however, has fallen into the habit so common to lady novelists of the present day of padding her works until they fill the standard measure of three volumes. By no possible contrivance could the original book be spun out to such an inordinate length, and the authoress consequently has been compelled to adopt the very questionable plan of adding a fresh story to the third volume. She would have acted more wisely had she cut down the novel to half its present size, and omitted "Miss Monkton's Marriage" altogether. "Mrs. Lancaster's Rival" is certainly above par, and may serve to wile away some weary hours for those who drive away *ennui* by novel reading. The plot is simple enough—a dying soldier leaves his daughter in the charge of a staunch old comrade, whose son endeavours stealthily to win the love of the young girl in order that her money may patch up holes in an estate impoverished by his vicious courses; by accident the girl, a charmingly drawn, innocent English maiden, is present at a stormy interview between her guardian's son and his *fiancée*, a well-known village belle of questionable repute. The scene opens her eyes to his true worth, and she declines absolutely his impassioned protestations. Novel-like, all ends happily, the little lady marries her own true love, the *blasé roud* bestows his hand on the rustic beauty, whilst the minor characters stand round with beaming faces, noisily pouring forth their congratulations. Commonplace as the plot is, it is told with a certain degree of freshness which augurs well for the author's future, provided she will remember that the days of three-volume novels are over, and that a little judicious "boiling down" will, as a rule, make most books more attractive.



MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.—The largest share of space (Letter M) in Part IX., Vol. II., of "The Dictionary of Music and Musicians" is occupied by Mendelssohn's life and a list of his works; 109 columns of this admirable compilation are thus filled with this highly interesting record of a musical genius's career. Many of our readers who take up this memoir will remember Felix Mendelssohn, who is here so graphically described:—"In person Mendelssohn was short, under 5 ft. 6 in., and slight of build; in figure little, and very mercurial. His look was dark, and very Jewish; his complexion fresh, and showed a great deal of colour; his hair was black and abundant. The expression of his mouth was delicate; and his eyes, when carried away by enthusiasm, were as expressive as ever were set in a human head. When playing extempore, they would dilate, and become nearly twice their ordinary size, the brown pupils changing to a vivid black. No really good portrait of him was ever taken; the fire of genius is almost impossible to portray on canvas." The temptation is strong to linger over these records of a happy and noble life; but we must on to another genius, 'Meyerbeer,' whose career was a great mixture of clouds and sunshine. We learn that, whilst studying under the Abbé Vogler, he would often not leave his study for days together. His was a labour of love, which ended in *Robert Le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, *Le prophète*, and *L'Africaine*, which last was not brought out until after his death, together with many other works of undoubted talent." There are exhaustive articles upon "Modes," "Modulations," and "Motets," from all of which much may be learned. The last eleven pages of this unique Dictionary are devoted to the commencement of Mozart's life, which is of sufficient interest to make us look forward to No. X.

MESSRS. NEUMEYER AND CO.—Devotional in character and melodious, "Ave Maria," for a tenor voice, composed by William Godden, will please in the concert-room and the home circle.—A very pretty vocal duet for soprano and mezzo-soprano is "Echoes," the words by Thomas Moore, music by Siegfried Ochs.—The same composer has continued his imitations of various well-known composers—a joke which is becoming wearisome from repetition. "Kommt A Vogel Geflogen," Book II., is now varied after "Beethoven," "Mendelssohn," "Brahms," "Schumann," "Chopin," and "Meyerbeer." Let us hope we have here the last specimens of perverted ingenuity.—There is quite a mania for arranging Hungarian music, which soon becomes monotonous. Gustav Lange has skillfully arranged "Two Hungarian Dances"—No. I., "Jsteni Csárdás," No. II., "Rozsábokor Csárdás." They are very good practice for the school-room.—There is much talent and musicianly skill displayed in "Romanze," for the violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment, by H. Hofmann.—Two pianoforte pieces, which are worthy of careful study, are "Cupid's Pranks" and "Air Militaire," by Charles Morley.—The same may be said of "Douze Morceaux de Genre," *pour piano*, by Ernest Stoeger.—Amateur as well as professional orchestral societies will find congenial work in "Rhapsodie Ecossaise," by A. C. Mackenzie, arranged in full score for a band. The music is bright and characteristic. This composition may also be had as a duet or solo for the pianoforte.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—It is a pity that "Christmas Eve," a brief and admirably written cantata by Niels W. Gade, did not come to us three months ago. It will, however, give Choral Societies ample time to study, learn, and get up this musicianly little work by next Christmastide, when it will be a sure success in town or country choral meetings.—"A Fourth Set of Sixty Voluntaries," arranged for the harmonium by J. W. Elliott, are, as their predecessors, a great boon to executants of average ability. The music is well chosen, and adapted from the works of ancient and modern composers.—The latest number of Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s "Music Primer" is "The Harmonium," by King Hall, wherein the construction, action, and manipulation are so clearly and minutely explained that the most obtuse student of this instrument can scarcely fail to understand the instructions given; whilst those who are intelligent will, by steady practice, soon master the difficulties, and play well.—"La Lontananza," a posthumous work of G. Rossini's, is a charming tenor song, melodious and singable, as may be looked for from their composer. The compass is from G second line to B above the lines.

MESSRS. HOWARD AND CO.—The young people will be glad to meet with "Youthful Amusements," a series of six pianoforte pieces, by W. Smallwood: No. I., "The Fairy King," and No. V., "Rosie's Fancy," are pretty melodies; No. III., "Elsie's Birthday," is a merry schottische; Nos. II., IV., and VI. are respectively

"Mignon" (valse), "The Slide on the Lawn" (polka), and "The Laurel Bush" (galop). All three are tuneful, and the time is well marked.

MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.—The poetical words of "The Nest in the Cross" are founded on an incident which occurred in the Cemetery of St. Andrew's, Newcastle-on-Tyne, where, in the spring of 1879, two little birds built a nest and raised their brood in one of the niches of the beautiful cross erected over Dr. Nesham's family tomb. Both poetry and music, by E. Tiesset, of this simple song are out of the common groove.—No. I. of "Perles de Salon," a new series of pianoforte pieces edited by Carlo Tiesset, is a "Notturmo" by A. Baur, a showy and brilliant *morceau*, more difficult to read than to perform.



How to Excel in Study. Ward, Lock, and Co.  
A Sylvan Queen (3 vols.): Author of "Rachel's Secret." Hurst and Blackett.  
Royal Blue Book, 1886. B. W. Gardiner.  
British Decorations: Col. F. Brine, R.E. E. Stanford.  
Stammering and its Rational Treatment; E. B. Shuldharm, Homeopathic Publishing Company.  
Land Law Reform in England: George Osborne Morgan, M.P. Chapman and Hall.  
Néradah: Wilfrid de Fonvielle. Hachette and Co., Paris.  
God's Answer and other Poems: S. A. M. James. R. C. Gerard, Dublin.  
Bunyan (English Men of Letters): J. A. Froude; Our Future Highway (2 vols.): Commander V. Lovett Cameron; Needlework: Elizabeth Glaister Macmillan and Co.  
Lightning Conductors: Richard Anderson. E. and F. Spon.  
Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.  
Claude Branca's Promise (3 vols.): Alice Clifton; A Fearful Adversary (3 vols.): Peard Jillard; The Battle of Senlac and other Poems: J. M. Ashley; Voices in Solitude: Roland Georgehill. S. Tinsley and Co.  
Mademoiselle de Mersac (3 vols.): W. E. Norris; Greene Ferne Farm: R. Jefferies; The Criminal Code of the Jews: P. B. Benny. Smith, Elder, and Co.  
Magic Morsels: Harry Plynth. T. H. Roberts.  
Anglers Evenings. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.  
Leonardo da Vinci: Jean Paul Richter; The Figure Painters of Holland: Lord Ronald Gower. S. Low.  
Musical Directory for 1886. W. Reeves.  
The Story of the Earth and Man (5th Ed.): J. W. Dawson. Hodder and Stoughton.

### SHORTHAND FOR COMMERCIAL AND PROFESSIONAL MEN

ATTENTION is from time to time directed to the question whether stenography or shorthand could be usefully employed to a much greater extent than is the case at present? If not as a complete system, a partial adoption might perhaps be advantageously devised—a kind of semi-shorthand, or combination of short with long. A shorthand writer, as every one knows, takes his notes in a way unreadable to the world generally, but readable to him. He goes to the House of Commons, and takes down a debate; or to a public meeting, and reports a brilliant speech *in extenso*, or in more abbreviated form a speech made by some prosy man whom the world cares but little about; or to a court of law, where he takes down with more or less fullness the speeches of counsel, the evidence of witnesses, and the summing-up of the judge; or to a place of worship, where he writes out the sermon of some celebrated preacher. His services may be in requisition in other ways; but these four—Parliament, public meetings, courts of law and justice, and places of worship—are the principal. In all alike, this quality is required of him—that he shall be able to write as fast as another man can speak. He may, and often does, trust to his memory to fill up details; or he may mingle longhand with shorthand in any proportion he chooses; but in any case it is expected of him that his report shall be faithful, not necessarily full and *verbatim*, but such as shall convey a just idea of the general course of the speech, lecture, address, or sermon. And he must be able, afterwards, to translate his crooked, crabbed, half-illegible scribbling into good English, such as a newspaper-compositor can set up in type. View it how we may, it is assuredly a remarkable achievement—ear and eye and pencil or pen all working together, with the brain as the master or foreman over them all.

Abundant reason may be found for desiring greater brevity in our writing—the expression of our meaning by fewer strokes of the pen or pencil. When, for any reason, we are called upon to spell as well as to write, the tiresomeness is enhanced; for English orthography is little less than an abomination.

A story is told of a judge on circuit who, on asking a witness for his name, was answered, "Ottiwell Woodds, my lord." "What, Hotwell Woods?" "No, my lord—Ottiwell Woodds." "How do you spell it?" "O double T I double U E double L double U double O double D S." According to the tale, the learned judge was sadly posed by this conglomerate of doubles, and had to obtain assistance in writing down the name correctly.

Sir William Armstrong made some useful observations on this subject a few years ago, in his inaugural address at the Newcastle Meeting of the British Association. After adverting to the great facilities afforded to writing and correspondence by cheap paper, cheap printing, cheap postage, and cheap telegraphs, he reminded his hearers that we are as slow as ever in the ordinary method of handwriting. "The fundamental art of expressing thought by written symbols remains as imperfect now as it has been for centuries past. It seems strange that while we actually possess a system of shorthand by which words can be recorded as rapidly as they can be spoken, we should persist in writing a slow and laborious longhand. It is intelligible that grown-up persons who have acquired the present conventional art of writing should be reluctant to incur the labour of mastering a better system; but there can be no reason why the rising generation should not be instructed in a method of writing more in accordance with the activity of of mind which now prevails. Even without going so far as to adopt for ordinary use a complete system of stenography which it is not easy to acquire, we might greatly abridge the time and labour of writing by the recognition of a few simple sounds to express the syllables which are of most frequent occurrence in our language. Our words are in great measure made up of such syllables as *con*, *tion*, *ing*, *able*, *rise*, *ent*, *est*, *ance*, &c. These we are now obliged to write over and over again, as though time and labour expended in what may be termed visual speech were of no importance. Neither has our written character the advantage of distinctness to recommend it."

Sir William's observations are certainly worthy of attention. It will be admitted that in taking notes or extracts from books, especially in any large public library where the arrangements necessitate economy of time, a literary man would find an advantage in using rapid shorthand instead of long. Some writers employ a kind of medium plan devised by themselves, without having studied shorthand, or as a substitute for it. A shorthand reporter once remarked, "I have often been surprised that literary men, who believe in commonplace books, or have much to do with handwriting, do not more generally avail themselves of this ready method of facilitating their labours. The time spent in acquiring sufficient skill in shorthand writing to prove of real service would be soon saved by any one who does much copying, or keeps elaborate memoranda of his own." The idea is by no means a new and untried one, if it be true that Pepys wrote his gossiping "Diary" in shorthand.

(Continued on page 184.)



# JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.

THE HIGHEST HONOURS—THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR; also THE GOLD MEDAL (l'Académie Nationale), &c. have been accorded to  
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The value of this Award is still further enhanced by the fact that the Decoration was CONFERRED ON NO OTHER British Pianoforte Manufacturer.

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The principal of the previous Honours gained by the Brinsmead Pianos are:  
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THE DIPLOMA OF HONOUR, Paris, 1874, and the HONORARY MEMBERSHIP OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF FRANCE.  
THE GOLD MEDAL, Paris, 1870.  
THE DIPLOMA OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT, Netherlands International Exhibition, 1869.  
THE MEDAL OF HONOUR, Paris, 1867.  
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With the Perfect Check Repeater Action, Patented 1862, 1863, 1871, 1875, and 1879, throughout Europe and America.

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"I have attentively examined the beautiful pianos of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons that are exhibited at the Paris International Exhibition of 1878. I consider them to be exceptional in the ease with which variations of sound can be produced, from the softest to the most powerful tones. These excellent pianos merit the approbation of all artists, as the tone is full as well as sustained, and the touch is of perfect evenness throughout its entire range, answering to every requirement of the pianist."  
CH. GOUNOD.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.**  
Paris, the 8th Sept., 1878.  
"We, the undersigned, certify that, after having seen and most conscientiously examined the English Pianos at the Universal Exhibition of 1878, find that the palm belongs to the Grand Pianos of the house of Brinsmead."  
NICHOLAS RUBINSTEIN,  
D. MAGNUS,  
Chevalier ANTOINE DE KONTSKI,  
Court Pianist to the Emperor of Germany.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.**  
"The highest praise is certainly due to Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons for the complete success which has crowned their efforts to produce, on the most simple principles, a perfectly even, smooth, and sensitive repetition touch. The purity of the tone and the excellent mechanism of the Pianos exhibited by them in the Paris Exhibition called forth warm eulogies from all competent critics."  
JOHN STAINER, M.A., Mus. Doc.  
Member of the International Jury of the Paris Exhibition, 1878.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.**  
"I have pleasure in expressing my opinion that the Paris Exhibition Medal Grand Pianoforte of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons is unsurpassed. The tone is deliciously sweet, sustained, and extraordinarily powerful; the touch responds to the faintest and to the most trying strains on it, and the workmanship is simply perfect."  
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EDWARD J. HOPKINS,  
Organist and Director of the Choir,  
Temple Church, London.

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Illustrated London News.  
"The French papers have been unanimous in their expressions of admiration of these splendid instruments. The grands especially have enchanted the Parisian professors and amateurs of music by their noble sonority, their enormous power, and the sympathetically voice-like quality of tone. The touch, also, is beautifully light, elastic, and certain, so that many pianists of every nation, from the Abbé Liszt downwards, who have tried these instruments, have highly complimented the enterprising manufacturers on their success."

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.**  
Echo.  
"The nearest approach to perfection with which we are acquainted."

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.**  
Daily Chronicle.  
"In tone the instrument is exceedingly rich and sweet, and in touch the very perfection of lightness. Messrs. Brinsmead may certainly be congratulated upon their success."

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Morning Advertiser.  
"In addition to the other distinctions awarded to Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, the founder of the firm has been created Chevalier of the Legion of Honour."

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.**  
Daily News.  
"A new Pianoforte, recently manufactured by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, claims notice, not only on account of its beauty and richness of tone, but specially for some ingenious mechanical novelties; the most important being the addition of a third pedal, by means of which the sound of any note or notes may be almost indefinitely prolonged at the will of the player. Thus, bass notes may be sustained after being struck by the left hand, which may then be taken away, and the right hand, may execute the most brilliant staccato passages, thus giving almost the effect of four hands. The patent 'check-repeater action,' a speciality of Messrs. Brinsmead, enables the performer to command with ease the most rapid reiteration of the same note; the facility of the key movement in general being such that glissando passages can be executed with such perfect ease as to render them practically without the slightest touch. The volume of tone is intensified by a peculiar construction of the sounding board, another improvement being the system of bridging, by which the vibrations are increased and rendered sympathetic. The Pianoforte is capable of all degrees of delicacy and power, its massive structure rendering it less liable to get out of tune than usual; and the instrument is altogether calculated to extend the reputation of its makers."

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.**  
May be obtained of all the principal Musiciansellers. Prices from 33 Guineas to 500 Guineas.  
18, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.  
THE "BRINSMEAD WORKS," GRAFTON RD. KENTISH TOWN, N.W.

## LEATH and ROSS'S COLUMN.

**DEAR VANITY,—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. Surely that complaint is one of the lesser evils that flesh is heir to, and I think the man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I awoke with that most uncomfortable of feelings, a general oppression, which is the certain precursor of a catarrh. At first black despair seized me, but luckily I remembered that if taken in time the mystic contents of a little green glass bottle might save me from the prospect of many days' discomfort to myself and others. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the long-for remedy, and before night was cured; it is called "Glykoline," a colourless, tasteless fluid, three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds. All this sounds rather like an advertisement, so beg you to understand that I have no personal or pecuniary interest in the sale of Glykoline, and only sing its praises with a wish to spread its healing properties around, and, by recommending it, confer a boon on the suffering human race."**

TALON ROUGE,  
Fanny Fair, March 17, 1877.

**GLYKALINE**  
Effectually cures Colds, Coughs, Catarrhs, Respiratory Ailments, averts tendencies to Diphtheria, and relieves ALL DISORDERS OF THE MUCOUS MEMBRANE.  
**GLYKALINE is a reliable and Speedy Specific; curing Colds in a few hours. GLYKALINE is very efficacious in Hay Fever, clearing the bronchial tubes. GLYKALINE is PREPARED by LEATH and ROSS, Homeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C. and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 2s.**

**NEURALINE**  
Gives Instant Relief to Toothache, Neuralgia, Tic-Doloureux, Gout, Rheumatism, and ALL NERVE and LOCAL PAINS.

**MR. EDGAR, of Butt Lighthouse,**  
Island of Lewis, writing to Sir James Matheson, says: "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful remedy she had ever applied. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."

**NEURALINE is now in demand** in all parts of the world. It gives relief in all cases, and permanently cures in many by a single application. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C. and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 2s. Each bottle is accompanied by illustrated directions for using.

**OZONISED OIL (for the Hair).**  
A new preparation. Arrests decay, nourishes and preserves the Hair, promotes the growth and eradicates scurf. A nutrient, not a dye. Important to all whose hair is weak or combs out, especially after illness. The oil requires merely to be brushed into the roots. Sold in bottles, 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 2s., and 3s.

**AUROSINE (the New Remedy)** FOR PRESERVING THE HANDS, SKIN, LIPS, CHAPS, and ROUGHNESS.  
By use of the AUROSINE the Hands and Skin are preserved supple, soft, white, and free from chaps. All roughness is removed, and a smooth and beautiful surface ensues.  
AUROSINE removes sea-tan and the effects of exposure. In winter it is most useful in preserving the skin. Pleasant to use, colourless, and free from grease. In bottles, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d.

**ODONTALGIC ESSENCE (for the Teeth).**—An approved Liquid Stopping. Easily applied by saturating wool with it and packing the cavity. Invaluable for decayed teeth. Protects exposed nerves from cold and cramps. Causes no inconvenience to masticating the food. Cures toothache. In bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

**ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE.**  
This new preparation is recommended for the Teeth and Gums. It cleanses from incrustations, whitens the teeth, preserves the enamel, arrests decay, hardens the gums, and relieves the bleeding. It is a delightful perfume, and disguises the smell of tobacco. This TINCTURE is an astringent, detergent, and antiseptic. In bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 4d. and 1s. 10d.

**CAPSICINE EMBROCATION** (for Colic).—Most useful for severe or flatulent Colic. May be locally applied wherever a mustard poultice is recommended. Very easily applied, removed, and replaced by dry flannel after subsidence of pain. In bottles, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 10d.

**PHOSPHO-MURIATE OF Quinine.**  
A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR GENERAL DEBILITY, NERVOUSNESS, BRAIN-WEAKINESS, and EXHAUSTION OF THE MENTAL POWERS. Speedy relief is given by the use of Phospho-Muriate of Quinine, and it is invaluable to all sufferers from Headache, Disturbed Sleep, Irritable Temper, Depression (alternating with Excitement), Loss of Memory, and Nervousness. It braces the system, and the unpleasant feeling of Lassitude is overcome. In bottles (with full directions), 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s.

**BERBERINE, the New Liver and Stomach Remedy.** Excellent for the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels. Stimulates the latter and promotes regular action. Increases the stomach's assimilative powers. Removes Giddiness, Dizziness, Headache, and disordered Taste in the Mouth, Nausea, and Languor; also Colic, Pains in the Back, and Depression. In bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

**CHILBLAIN LINIMENT.**  
The most successful remedy for Chilblains, removing quickly the itching and tenderness, also the burning, and prevents the breaking. In bottles (with complete directions), 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

**DORÉ'S TRANSPARENT GLY-CERINE SOAP** IS BEAUTIFUL IN APPEARANCE, OF GREAT CELEBRITY, PLEASANT TO USE, OF MODERATE PRICE. Sold in Tablets, 3d., 4d., and 6d. each. Sold in Bars, 1s. and 1s. 6d. each. Sold in Shaving Sticks, 6d. and 1s. each. Sold in Boxes, 6d., 9d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. each. IS SPECIALLY PREPARED TO WHITEN AND SOFTEN THE SKIN, PREVENTS CHAPS, SOFTENS WATER, REMOVES THE ROUGHNESS, CONTAINS NOTHING INJURIOUS, THOROUGHLY CLEANSSES AND SOFTENS.

**LEATH and ROSS send GRATIS PLAIN DIRECTIONS FOR THE TREATMENT OF COMMON DISEASES.**

**ALL HOMŒOPATHIC PREPARATIONS ON THE BEST TERMS TO MERCHANT SHIPPERS, BY LEATH and ROSS, HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard; and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W.**

## DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—Dr. J. C. Browne (late Army Medical Staff) discovered a remedy, to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the Sole Inventor; and it is therefore evident that, as he has never published the formula, anything else sold under the name of CHLORODYNE must be a piracy.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—All attempts at analysis have failed to discover its composition.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—See the Times, July 13, 1864.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** is a Liquid Medicine which assuages pain of every kind, affords a calm and refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and invigorates the Nervous System when exhausted.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**  
COLD, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, ASTHMA.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**  
Extract from the Medical Times, Jan. 12, 1866.  
"Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**  
From Surgeon Hawthorne, Henry Street, Hanbridge, Ireland.  
"I have been in the habit of prescribing your preparation of Chlorodyne pretty largely these last three months. I have invariably found it useful, particularly in the latter stages of Phthisis, allaying the incessant and harassing cough; also in Chronic Bronchitis and Asthma."

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** most effectually relieves those too often fatal diseases, CROUP and DIPHTHERIA.  
Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.  
J. T. DAVENPORT,  
33, Great Russell Street, W.C., Sole Manufacturer.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**  
is the great specific for CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA.

"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he had received a despatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manila to the effect that Cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY Remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE."—See Lancet, December 31, 1864.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**  
The General Board of Health, London, reports that it acts as a charm, one dose generally sufficient.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**  
Dr. Gibbon, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "Two doses completely cured me of Diarrhœa."

**THE WAR.**  
The Times, Aug. 13, 1877.  
"From our Correspondent with the Russian Army:—Okoum, July 25.—The state of sanitary arrangements in the Russian camp was dreadful. I myself acquired a reputation as a doctor, owing to my being provided with a small bottle of Chlorodyne, with which I effected miraculous cures."


**THE WAR.**  
The Standard.  
"Shumla, Aug. 12.—The climate in Shumla, and, in fact, in all towns in this country, seems fever-laden. Quinine and Chlorodyne are consequently at a premium."

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**  
rapidly cuts short all attacks of EPILEPSY, PALPITATION, SPASMS, HYSTERIA, COLIC.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** is the true palliative in NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE.

**IMPORTANT CAUTION.**  
Every bottle of genuine CHLORODYNE bears on the Government Stamp the name of the Inventor,  
**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE.**  
Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.  
J. T. DAVENPORT,  
33, Great Russell Street, W.C., Sole Manufacturer.

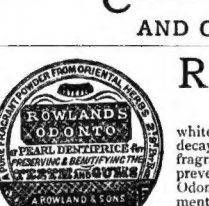
**"PERFECTION AT LAST."**  
FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS IN THE DYEING AND FINISHING OF VELVET.  
THE "MANCUNION" (REGISTERED)  
VELVETEEN, Warranted DEEP FAST BLACK.  
Stamped every Yard on the Back with the Name and Trade Mark.



Since the introduction of velveteen a marked change has taken place in this material. Various foreign and English manufacturers compete in the production of velveteen, and still further improvements are noticeable in each new introduction. A superb velveteen has just been brought under my notice, it is called the "Mancunium" Velveteen, from the ancient name of the city of Manchester, when held by the Romans—a somewhat different Manchester then to the Cottonopolis of to-day. Messrs. Wright and Shaw, of 102, Market Place, Manchester, are the manufacturers of this splendid fabric, and it is owing to this firm that I am enabled to speak of this novelty, which will be of an immense importance to many. The Mancunium Velveteen is of a pure black colour, fuller and deeper than are ordinary velveteens, which err on the side of blueness, and therefore match with no other black material; the finish of the new velveteen is both soft and brilliant, and it in all respects resembles silk velvet; the cost is from less than 2s. 6d. per yard. The best material for mingling with velveteen is satin; but the Mancunium velveteen is so rich and full in tone that it can be used as trimming for all classes of fabrics, and can be procured of all drapers, and in any length of Mr. Chapman, Notting Hill, W., and all first-class drapers.

**CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W. AND OF ALL FIRST-CLASS DRAPERS.**

**ROWLAND'S ODONTO**  
whitens the teeth, prevents decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath; to prevent fraud the genuine Odonto has a 3d. Government stamp on the box. Ask any chemist or perfumer for Rowland's.



**ALLIANCE MUSICALE.**  
**J. R. LAFLEUR and SON, 15, Green Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C.**  
(Founded in 1780), Music Publishers and Musical Instrument Makers.—New and Modern Instruction Books (net prices post free) for the Violin, at 1s. 1d., 5s., and 10s.; Viola, 6s., and 12s.; Violoncello, 1s. 1d., and 5s.; Double-bass, 5s.; Zither, 2s. 6d.; Accordion or Flutina, 1s. 1d.; German Accordion, 7d.; Musette (Swiss Pipe), 1s. 1d.; Flute, 5s. and 12s.; French Flageolet, 3s. 6d.; Oboe, 8s. and 16s.; Bassoon, 6s. and 12s.; Clarinet, 14s.; Cornet, 2s. 8s., and 21s.; Trumpet, 12s.; Field Bugle or Post Horn, 1s. 1d.; French Horn, 12s.; Slide Trombone, 12s.; Euphonium, 5s. and 12s.; Bombardon, 4s.; Slide Trump, 4s. Pianoforte and Organ Tuner's Guide, 8d.; Métronome Maelzel Rules, 1s.

**TO AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETIES** of 5-ring Band with Piano, Military Band, Brass Band, and Fife and Drum Band. Messrs. LAFLEUR and SON beg to draw attention to the largest collection in Europe of original and standard Overtures, Selections, Solos, Duos, Trios, &c., and Dance Music, numbering nearly 4,000 different musical works of their own publication; also to their assortment of Military Brass Pipes and Drums, String Instruments and Fittings; also Musical Boxes and Burell Organs. Complete Catalogue, with upwards of 300 illustrations, post free, 1s. 2d. Bound lists of music sent post free. Yearly subscription form to the Orpheus and Alliance musical journals for Military, Brass, String, and Fife and Drum Bands, sent post free. Post-office Orders made payable to J. R. LAFLEUR and Son, at the Charing Cross Post Office. Cheques crossed.

**WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?**—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, books, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 40 engravings, 3s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn St., corner of St. Martin's Lane.

**VISITING CARDS by Culleton.**—Fifty best quality, 2s. 8d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

**CULLETON'S Guinea Box of STATIONERY** contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

**CHOCOLAT MENIER.**  
Awarded the GRAND DIPLOMA OF HONOUR  
**CHOCOLAT MENIER, in ½ lb. and ¼ lb. Packets.**  
For BREAKFAST and SUPPER

**CHOCOLAT MENIER.**—Awarded Twenty-three PRIZE MEDALS. Consumption annually exceeds 17,000,000 lbs.

**CHOCOLAT MENIER.** Paris, London, New York  
Sold Everywhere.

**SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.**  
**GOODALL'S HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES**  
A single trial solicited from those who have not yet tried these splendid preparations.


**GOODALL'S YORKSHIRE RELISH.**  
The most delicious sauce in the world. Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.  
CAUTION.—On each Yorkshire Relish Label is our TRADE MARK, Willow Pattern Plate, and name, GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, and CO. No other is genuine.  
Sold by Grocers, Chemists, Patent Medicine Dealers, Oilmen, &c.

**GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.**  
The best in the world. 1d. packets; 6d., 1s. 2s., and 5s. tins

**GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.**  
The best tonic yet introduced. Bottles, 1s., 1s. 1½d., 2s., and 2s. 3d. each.

**GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.**  
Makes delicious custards without eggs, and at half the price. Delicious to Plum Pudding. Delicious to Stewed Rice. Delicious to all kinds of Puddings. Delicious to Jam Tarts. Delicious to all kinds of Fruit. Delicious to everything. Delicious alone.  
In boxes, 6d. and 1s. each.  
Shippers and the trade supplied by the Sole Proprietors,  
**GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, and CO., Leeds.**

**LAVETTES.**  
List No. 1 . . . . . 65 5 0  
List No. 2 . . . . . 11 3 3  
List No. 3 . . . . . 25 11 8  
List No. 4 . . . . . 47 6 9  
Indian Lavette a speciality, £31 0s. 4d.  
Full particulars post free.  
Mrs. ADDLEY BOURNE, 37, Piccadilly, W.



**FLORILINE! FOR THE TEETH**  
AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produce a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or decay, gives to the teeth a peculiar pearly whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed in part of honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Sold everywhere at 2s. 6d. Prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, London.

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are** you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. Price 1s. 1½d. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes.

**VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.**—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Full particulars around each bottle. Ask your nearest Chemist for THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, 493, Oxford Street, London, and sold everywhere at 2s. 6d. per bottle.

**TRY YOUR WEIGHT.—HYDRO-LEINE (Hydrated Oil),** has proved of the highest value as a food in consumption and all wasting diseases, invariably producing increase in flesh and weight. This preparation of Hydrated Cod Liver Oil is tonic, digestive, and ten times more pleasant to taste than plain fish liver oil. "Hydroleine" is a pure, natural product, increase of weight in those cases where oils or fat, not so treated, are difficult or impossible to digest. All tendency to emaciation and loss of weight is arrested by the regular use of Hydroleine.—Of all Chemists, 4s. 6d.; or sent free for 5s.—Address, HYDROLEINE CO., 493, Oxford Street, London. Pamphlet free.

**THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.**—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous lozenges are sold by most respectable chemists in this country at 1s. 1½d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight cold," or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, lead to serious Pulmonary and asthmatic affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.

**GARDNERS' EXHIBITION**  
DINNER and TABLE-GLASS SERVICES, free, graceful, and original designs of unequalled value. Nursery China Services, from 4s. 5s. Their special designs are:—The Osborne, 43 5s.; The Eccles, 43 13s. 6d.; The Bamboo, 44 4s.; The Bramble, 44 14s.; The Kacolin, 44 14s. 6d.; The Wild Rose, 45 5s.; The Japanese Bamboo, 45 6s.; The Humming Bird, 47 7s.; The Serpents, 47 7s. The Set, for Twelve Persons, complete, with 15 cent. cash discount. Table Glass Services, of the best crystal, plain light stem, 43 5s. 6d.; elegantly engraved, 44 8s. 6d.; richly cut, 45 5s. Cash discount, 15 per cent. Coloured Photographs and Illustrated Glass Catalogue free on application.—453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

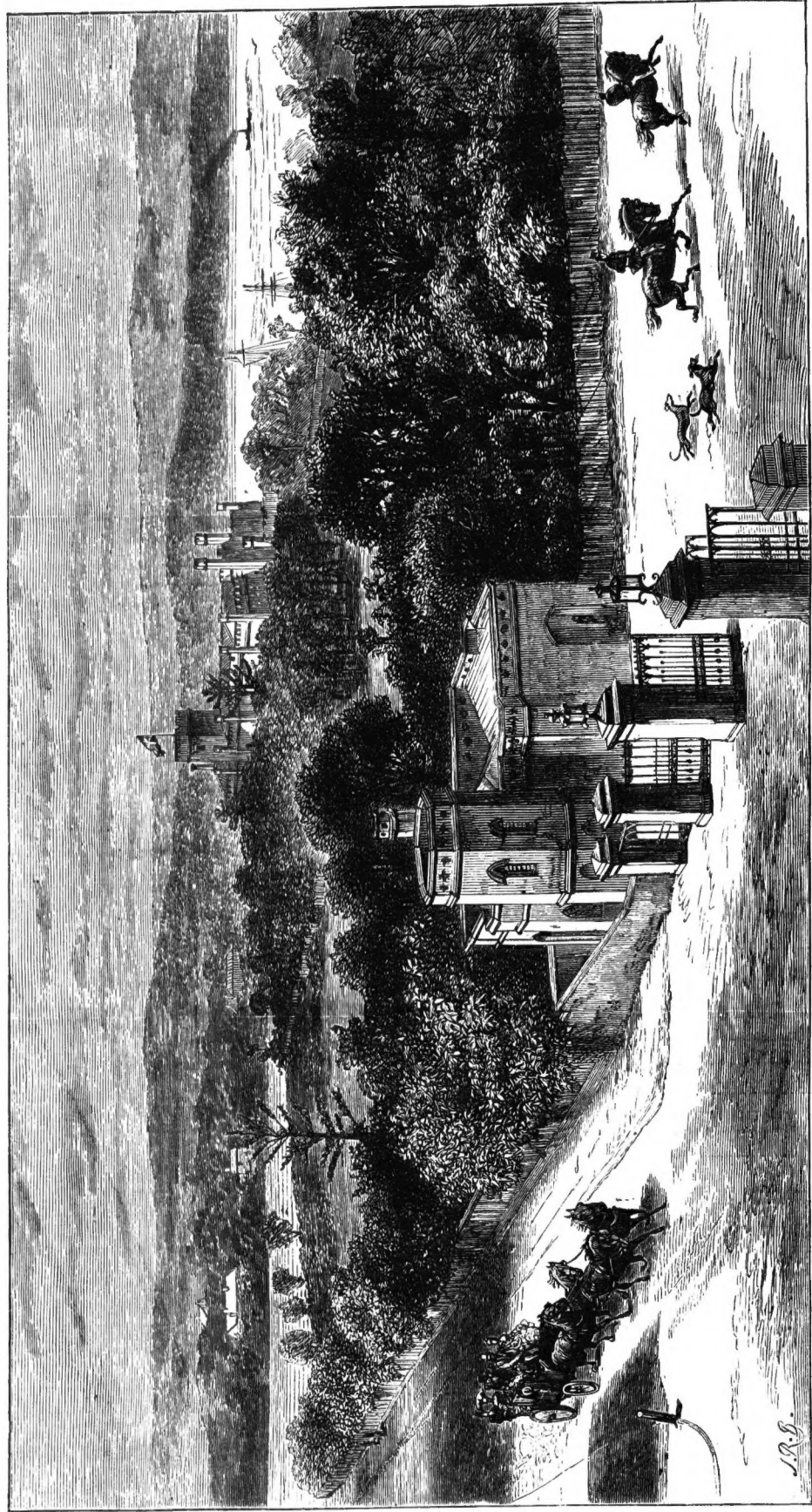
**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.**—THE PILLS purify the blood, correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. THE OINTMENT is unrivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, and rheumatism.

**GOUT and RHEUMATISM.**—The excruciating pain of gout and rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS. They require no restraint or diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. per box.

**GOLDEN HAIR.**—Robare's Aureoline produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 6s. 6d. a tin. Sold of all Perfumers and Chemists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C. London; Pinaud 44, Meyer, Boul. de Strasbourg 37, Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; and Rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels.

**NUDA VERITAS.**—Grey Hair restored by this valuable specific to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., 6s., 4s., and 2s. 6d. per tin. Testimonials post free.—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.





APPROACH TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE

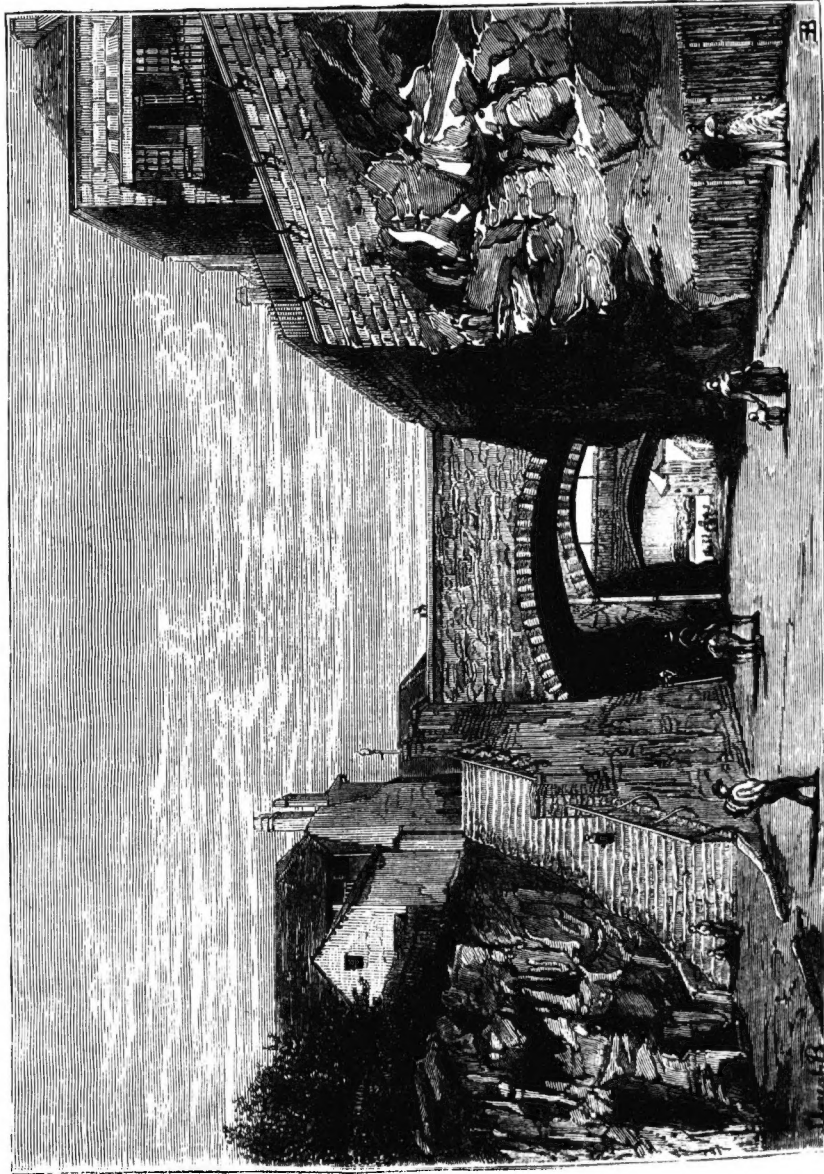
well as time is saved by it—a small number of pages will suffice instead of a larger. There are able men of business who write all their letters, &c., in shorthand, and train up one or two youths to translate and transcribe into ordinary long-hand; after a little practice few mistakes are made, either by the stenographer or the transcribers.

9 Besides literary men, clergymen, and men of business, persons engaged in a printing-office are recommended to pay a little attention to this subject. Compositors are in some few instances able to set up type in ordinary long-hand from the short-hand “copy.” Mr. A. J. Ellis, who has for so many years been engaged in advocating spelling reform, and in devising a well-digested system to that end, published some time back a book of 180 pages, which had been set up in type by compositors in ordinary long-hand from short-hand copy. A reporter for one of the Lancashire newspapers saves the time usually expended in transcribing from short-hand notes into long-hand, because among the staff in the printing-office are a few compositors who can set up the type for the newspaper columns from the short-hand itself. *The Bath Journal* once gave a verbatim report of an important speech made by Mr. Cobden; the speech was taken down in phonography, or phonetic short-hand, by Mr. Pitman, and was correctly set up by the compositors from his notes.

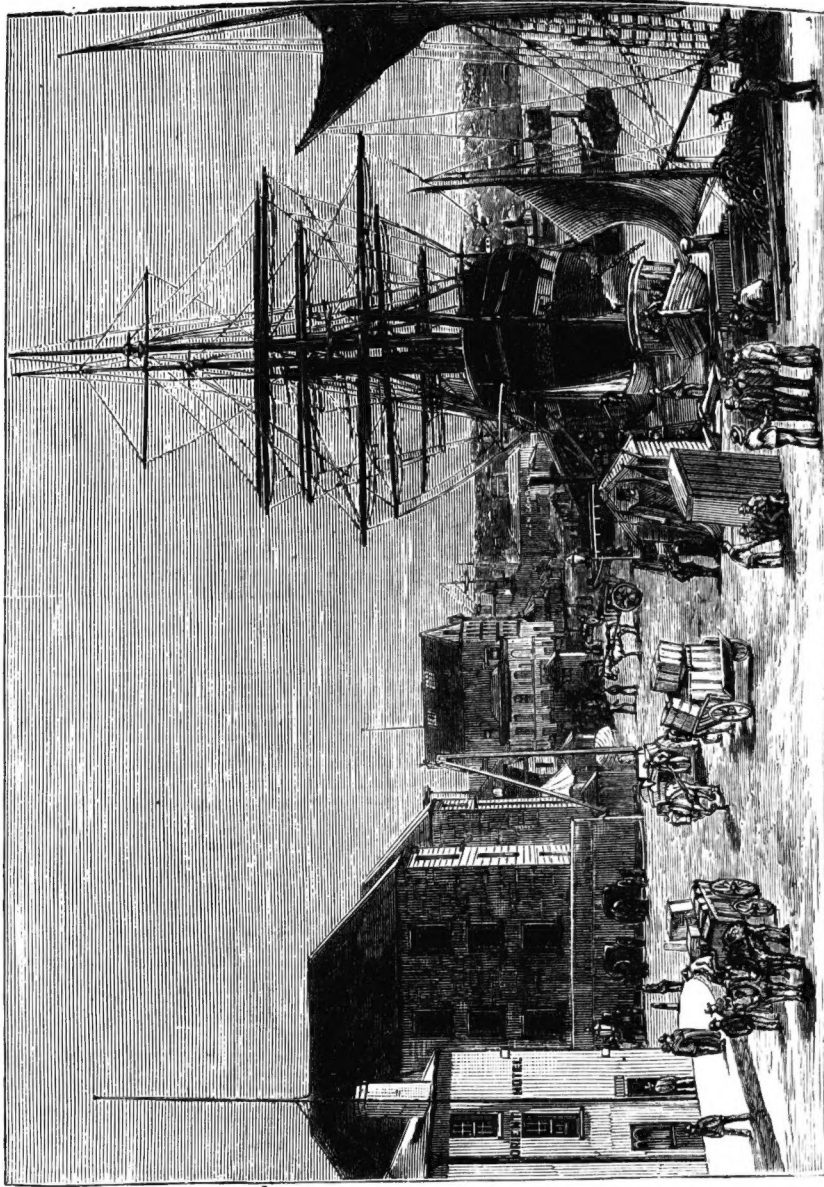
and that it was transposed from Peppys's own notes for Lord Braybrooke. If a literary man would take courage to become a learner in this Art, with a view to its eventual usefulness, those who have had experience in the matter advise him to adopt these two practical rules till quite familiar with the system (which ever you may adopt)—read twice what you have written, and translate it into long-hand as soon as possible afterwards.

Clergymen, in like manner, have had their attention invited to the subject as a legitimate mode of economising their time. A Liverpool clergyman gave, a few years ago, a brief but interesting account of what he had practically accomplished in this direction—“I not only compose my sermons in phonography (Mr. Pitman's name for the ingenious system invented and introduced by him), but read them from the pulpit in manuscript. I have practised the art not quite twelve months. For about three months I have used it exclusively in preparing my discourses, and in reading them from the pulpit. I find much saving of time and labour in composing my addresses by this means. I am glad in this way to be relieved from the drudgery of long-hand writing. If the clergy made use of phonetic shorthand instead of the cumbersome roundabout mode of writing, they would experience incalculable advantage.”

It should be some inducement to persons to turn their attention in this direction that space as



CHINESE QUARTER—OLD PART OF SYDNEY



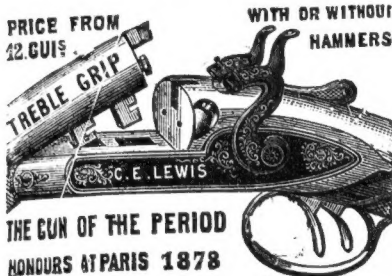
ON THE CIRCULAR QUAY—LANDING EXHIBITS

SYDNEY ILLUSTRATED

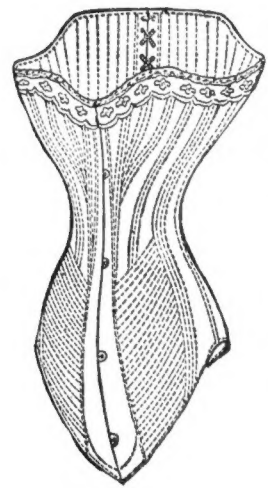


**SPEED AND BEAUTY.**A BUTTON HOLE IN A MINUTE.  
SIXTY BUTTON HOLES IN AN HOUR.**BUTTON HOLE WORKER.**FOR THE THICKEST CLOTH OR  
FINEST CAMBRIC.  
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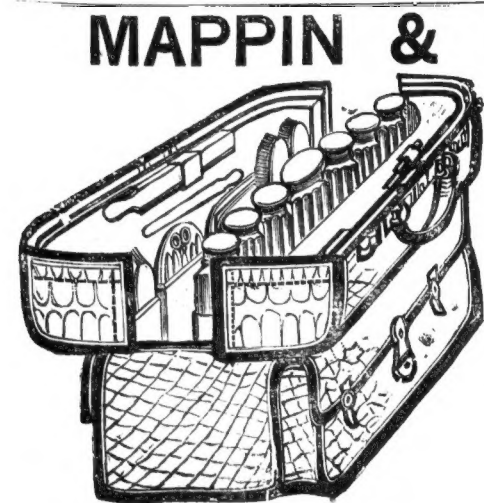
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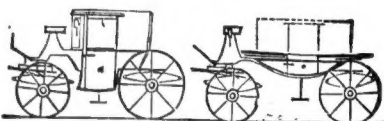
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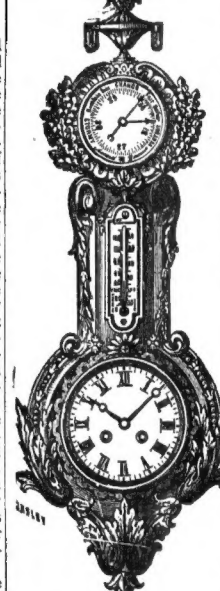
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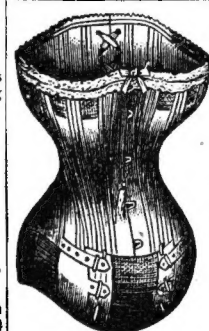
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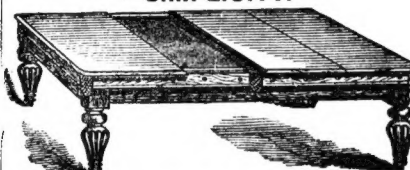
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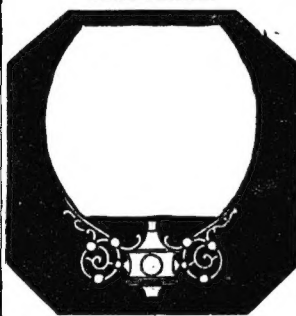
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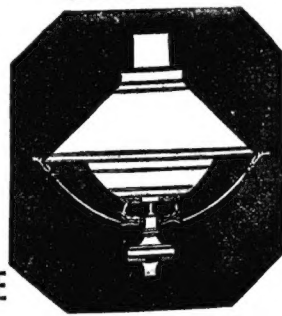
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